

The Problem of Evil.

I.

OF those who in our days declare themselves unable to believe in God, the great majority—in this country at all events—are influenced not so much by the subtle difficulties which philosophers like Kant discern in all the various forms of the argument from Causality, but rather by the more homely difficulty of reconciling the hypothesis of a God such as Christians worship with the existence of so much that is evil in the world. The Christian's God is held to be all-good and all-powerful, but how is it possible to suppose that a God who is all-good would make a world in which suffering and sin abound as they do in ours, when, being also all-powerful, He was perfectly well able to eliminate this distressful element from His handiwork, and compound it of unmixed happiness and virtue?

It is an impressive dilemma, we cannot deny, and one which increases enormously in impressiveness when we pass from a bare statement of its terms to dwell on the harrowing details of the calamities to which it refers. Think of the sad scenes of which we have been lately reading as caused by the sudden earthquake in Northern India; think of the still more distressing scenes which a year or two ago attended the volcanic outbursts in two fair islands of the West Indies; and then remember that these were but the last and by no means the saddest entries in a long list of similar calamities, the memory of only some of which has been preserved to us by history. Think again of the innumerable shipwrecks which surround our coasts, as with a girdle of misery, every time the wind gathers into a hurricane. Think of such monster disasters as the frequent overflows of the Hoang-ho river, some of which have caused famines fatal to the lives of millions of people. Think of the plague at Athens, as described by Thucydides, or the plague of London, as described by Defoe, for these word-pictures of eye-witnesses are useful in enabling one to realize the full meaning, not only of those disasters themselves, but

also of the many others of which they are but the types. Think, too, of the diverse forms of suffering which are at all times with us and lie beneath our very eyes, being the result of no mere occasional disturbances of the usual order, but of causes which are yearly and daily operating in our midst—of the poverty, nay utter destitution, to which so many are reduced through the pressure of multiplying populations on the insufficient supply of the necessities of life, or the various species of suffering, physical and mental, due to the mysterious circulation of disease-germs. And consider last of all, in regard to the evils due to the operation of purely physical causes, that exasperating quality of natural laws on which Mr. John Stuart Mill dilates in his celebrated passage. Poets like Wordsworth may tell us sweetly of their communings with nature, and of the tenderness with which she responds to their pathetic yearnings. They may assure us that she "never did betray the heart that loved her," and doubtless she is calculated to inspire these feelings into kindred minds when she presents herself decked out in her garments of grandeur and beauty, with her glorious sunsets and starry skies, her awful mountains and peaceful valleys, her smiling plains and sparkling rivers, her forests and groves clad in the fresh green of the spring, and enlivened by the songs of birds, or again, with the "multitudinous laughter" of her infinite expanse of ocean. But viewed from another side, what strikes us is her callousness to all cravings for sympathy and pleas for mercy.

Next to the greatness of the cosmic forces [says Mr. Mill] the quality which most forcibly strikes every one who does not avert his eyes from it, is their absolute recklessness. They go straight to their end, without regarding what or whom they crush on the road. . . . All this Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and worst—upon those who are engaged in the highest and worthiest enterprises, and often as the direct consequence of the noblest acts, and it might be almost imagined as a punishment for them. She mows down those on whose existence hangs the well-being of a whole people, perhaps the prospects of the human race for generations to come, with as little compunction as those whose death is a relief to themselves, or a blessing to those under their roxious influence. . . .

Next to taking life (equal to it, according to high authority) is taking the means by which we live; Nature does this, too, on the largest scale and with the most callous indifference. A single hurricane

destroys the hopes of a season ; a flight of locusts or an inundation desolates a district ; a trifling chemical change in an edible root starves a million of people.

Such are the cruel miseries and pain which physical evil inflicts so heartlessly on man and animal, for we must be careful not to forget the animal creation in estimating the magnitude of the suffering caused. And beside physical evil there is moral evil to join with it in tyrannizing over the sentient creation, nor is it easy to decide from which of the two tyrannies the poor victims have most to dread. It is true that moral evil is evil which originates in the free will of man himself, and it can be argued in consequence that the blame should in this case attach to him only and not be laid at the door of his Maker, who gave him so precious a gift that he might use it for well-doing not for evil-doing, for increasing the world's happiness not its misery. But this, it is replied, is not an answer that goes to the root of the difficulty. Even as regards the evil-doer himself, if we are to attach any importance to the guilt he incurs in the eyes of his Maker, and to hold, as Christians necessarily do, that it is grievous enough to merit a fearful and never-ending punishment, the fact that a man himself is the evil-doer does not make it the less perplexing that a God who could not fail to foresee how he would sin should not have foreborne to create him. If a parent leaves his child in proximate risk of falling into the fire, though foreseeing that in its wilfulness it is sure to disregard his warnings and change the risk into reality, do we, while condemning the child for its disobedience, acquit the father of a concomitant responsibility ? Nor must we stop here. We cannot forget that a man's misuse of his free will may entail the most serious and far-reaching consequences upon multitudes of others. One strong man can oppress the weak wholesale ; he can deprive them of their means of subsistence, he can reduce them to slavery, he can send them by their thousands to lay down their lives on far-off battlefields for the sake of his interests and ambitions. How many a dark page in history might have been spared had this instrument of oppression been withheld from the hands of the selfish and evil-minded ? Nor can men only oppress, they can corrupt too, and they can even stay the course of those saving agencies whereby the knowledge of the truth and the strength to pursue it were destined to be spread over the earth. How many would have been saved from spiritual as well as temporal ruin had the arm of the persecutor been held

back and the tongue of the seducer silenced, and how different would have been the religious and moral appearance of the earth had the Catholic Church, with its Gospel and its sacraments, instead of being incessantly hindered been universally aided to carry out its divine mission to all lands and races. Had the liberty of evil-minded men to obstruct the religious training and religious worship of their neighbours been held in check, the prophet's anticipations might by this time have been splendidly realized, and "the earth have been filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." As it is, men are sitting down after nineteen centuries of its activity to discuss the failure of Christianity.

Here briefly described are the conditions of the dilemma which goes by the name of the problem of evil. It is an old problem, having first been stated, much in the terms with which the present article was introduced, by the old Greek philosopher, Epicurus. Since his time it has never been lost sight of, and the great mediæval philosophers invariably assigned it a place in their treatises, where, reducing it to its essential features, they gave it the solution which may still be regarded as satisfactory. In modern times, however, it has been taken very seriously by thinkers outside the Church, and two classes of theorists have pronounced it to be a dilemma of absolute validity, the only reasonable attitude towards which is that of accepting one or other of its two horns. These are the Materialists who, accepting the one horn, have found in the argument a convincing proof that there is no God; and the Pessimists like Schopenhauer who, accepting the other horn, have not hesitated to impute a malevolent character to the Unconscious Force which is the equivalent in their philosophy for an over-ruling Providence. Meanwhile, a third class of modern thinkers, whilst confessing their inability to find a way out of this dilemma, and yet on the other hand unable to reconcile either the Materialist or the Pessimist hypothesis with what they know of the texture and instincts of the human heart, have found no other prop to cling to save the blind trust that

Somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and stains of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

It is time now to consider what is to be our own solution of this perplexing problem, and let us begin by fully acknowledging that it is impossible to offer a solution which completely clears up every point of difficulty attaching to it. The existence of evil in the world is doubtless a mystery—a fact, that is to say, which we can at best hope to understand in part only—nor is it wonderful that with our limited powers of comprehension we should be unable to answer all the “Why’s” that we are prone to put to ourselves about the works and ways of God. Lucretius set it down as one of the glaring defects of the Kosmos that so much of its space was wasted as regards human occupation, being taken up with uninhabitable mountains, or arid deserts, or regions of excessive heat and cold, or illimitable expanses of ocean. We smile in these latter days as we stumble on this crude conjecture of the ancient sage, for we know now how essential are precisely these distinctions of land and water, of mountain and valley, of heat and cold, for the maintenance of the general economy of the earth, and how impossible it would be to live in any portion of the globe, were they to be exchanged for a uniform system such as Lucretius desiderated. Still it will be more practical if we do not merely smile at these absurdities, but take warning from them, and realize how impossible it is to judge of the propriety of every element in Nature’s arrangements, until we can feel a reasonable confidence that we have grasped every one of the points which such arrangements had to take into account. Let us be resigned then to remain with many of our “Why’s” unanswered, and be satisfied if we can show that in the world as we have it there is nothing demonstrably incompatible with belief in the power and goodness of its Maker.

And we shall be the more ready to accept this frame of mind when we have detected the Fallacy of Division, to give it its technical name, which underlies most of the argumentation of our opponents. We all remember how in our school days it simplified the task of solving mathematical questions if we left out of account one or another of the conditions of the problem. Now it is by just the same kind of false procedure that many of the modern objections against religion, and among them this objection to Theism drawn from the existence of evil, derive that semblance of clear and convincing force, as contrasted with what can be urged on the other side, which makes such an impression on superficial minds. The physical and

moral evil in the world is doubtless a stern fact which cannot be explained away, but so too is the order and purpose which pervades the universe. Indeed the latter is the predominant fact of the two, the former being related to it, even on the showing most favourable to the Pessimist, merely as a partial defect in a structure which on the whole is marvellous for its perfection. It will not do then for the Materialist to argue, as he is so fond of doing, that there is no personal God, because if there were He would be incapable of permitting evil in His handiwork, whereas there is confessedly much that is evil in the actual world. This is to imitate the schoolboy and leave out of account one of the conditions of the problem, and that the most important of the two, the existence of so much order and purpose in the world. No, what we require is a solution of the problem which will at one and the same time account for both these conditions, and certainly the hypothesis of "no God" will not do that, for it is quite impossible to account for order and purpose except as having been caused by an intelligent and therefore personal designer. Nor is the case improved for the critic of Theism if he passes over to the position of the Pessimist, and infers that there is indeed a First Cause, and an intelligent First Cause, but that we must suppose Him to be neither wholly good nor wholly bad; for this is again an hypothesis which in its endeavour to remove one difficulty runs us into another; since it is impossible to conceive of a First Cause which contains within itself such opposite tendencies.

If we keep these considerations well in mind we shall see that they have much improved our position in regard to the solution of this problem of evil. For if we are entitled to assume (1), as otherwise proved from the principle of causality, that a world so pervaded by order and purpose necessarily postulates the existence of a First Cause possessed of both power and intelligence, and indeed, in a high degree at least, of goodness; and (2), as otherwise proved from the analysis of the idea of self-existent being, that a First Cause must be infinite in all perfections, and therefore also in goodness, as well as power and wisdom—it follows that evil, physical and moral, since we do find it in the world, must somehow or other be consistent with the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of its Maker. Thus the task before us, instead of requiring us to meet an objection striking at the very root of all religious belief,

requires us merely to show, so far as we can, how two things are consistent which we know otherwise to be in fact consistent. In approaching, however, this more modest task, we must leave moral evil out of account in the present article, and seek only to explain how physical evil, as affecting both, is consistent with the God's power and goodness.

And here in the first place we must take note, that, impressive as are the word-pictures that can be drawn of the sum-total of the world's pain and suffering, this sum-total is after all not large in proportion, when compared with the sum-total of the world's contentment and pleasure. Schopenhauer, indeed, pronounced it to be otherwise, and was *bizarre* enough to maintain that pain is of itself a thing so shocking and intolerable that absolutely no amount of concomitant happiness can compensate for the endurance of it. "The existence," he wrote, "of evil suffices of itself alone to make life an undesirable thing. An evil thing cannot be effaced or compensated for by a good thing accompanying or following it. Thousands of individuals may have lived in happiness and peace, but that does not annul the torments or the mortal anguish of a single human being. In like manner my present well-being cannot make up to me for what I suffered in past days." But this is merely an extreme instance of the distorted views of life into which Pessimists are wont to fall. Ordinary people will rather reflect that in the mass of individuals, if we take them separately, though sorrow and suffering may come in at the end of life, and be occasional visitants during its course, the balance is enormously on the side of contentment and happiness—of *bien-être*, as the French would say. And, even in those sad cases where pain is not merely an occasional visitant but rather an abiding companion, there can be and usually are sources of pleasure which are equally abiding companions, so that when we strike the balance it may well be that it is the pleasure, not the pain which predominates. A sound test by which to decide on this point may perhaps be obtained by interrogating the "will to live." Even Schopenhauer acknowledged the universality and persistency of this "will to live." He spoke spitefully of it, and characterized it as an infatuation implanted in us by the malevolence of Nature, that the individual might be deceived into sacrificing himself for the sake of the race. It is more reasonable, however, to refer this "will to live" to the deep-rooted feeling of every sentient being that life is so great

a boon that, even if it be attended by abiding pain, it has in itself sufficient left to make it supremely desirable. True, there are times when a poor sufferer longs for death as for a release, but this, apart from cases in which spiritual reasons enter in, is when life's course has nearly reached its termination, and the wonder is even then that they are so few in number, not that they are so many. How often does it not happen that, while the watchers by a sick bed are whispering to themselves that death would be a happy release, the sufferer himself is still clinging tenaciously to life, though aware that if prolonged it will always be attended by severe suffering? Moreover, as we are considering the case not merely of human beings, but of the animal kingdom generally, we must reflect that with the lower animals the balance will fall much more decidedly on the side of contentment with life, inasmuch as they suffer in the present only, or if somewhat through memory of the past, at all events not, as we do, through a bitter anticipation of the future; nor again are they afflicted like ourselves with mental as well as bodily pains.

With this subjective fact the objective facts are conformable. The outer world consists of innumerable elements, or agents let us call them. Each works according to the laws impressed upon its being, and along a pathway leading to definite results. These agents fall into two main divisions, non-living and living, which are distinguished primarily in this that the former are moved and swayed solely and purely by causes external to themselves, whereas the latter, though also subject to this external causation, have within them their own intrinsic principle of activity, an activity manifestly purposive, whereby they shape and mould themselves, whereby they draw from their environment, absorb and assimilate such elements as can be of use to them, and whereby thus equipped they maintain their own lives and expand them till their course is run out, and also provide for the continuance of their species through reproduction. Now, that non-living matter should pursue its courses regardless of the effect upon sentient beings, follows from the bare fact that it is non-living, and the same follows as regards plant-life from the bare fact that it is non-sentient—since consideration for others is inconceivable except in beings capable of feeling. But neither does consideration for others count for much in the animal kingdom. Many orders of living things do indeed make provision for their offspring, and will even sacrifice themselves for it as long as it is young enough to be dependent upon their

solicitude. There are, moreover, occasional instances in which one animal will attach itself to another, and show itself altruistic in its regard, and more than occasional instances when this happens in the conduct of animals towards man. When, too, we arrive at the kingdom of man altruism is found to hold a much larger place in his relations with his fellows. Still, for all that we may, in the present stage of our argument, neglect the altruistic element throughout, and acknowledge that nature is governed in its course by this principle, that its component elements pursue each its own way, the non-living blindly, and the living in the purposive working out of its own development, without heed whether the resultant effect on other sentient beings be beneficial or injurious. And yet, for it is this which we need to observe, this resultant effect in the complicated and widely-extended impact of each upon other is for sentient life at times beneficial, at times injurious, but so that the residual effect is ever enormously beneficial, in regard to the sum-total of sentient life upon the earth, at least as regards man and the higher animals.

It is not difficult to see that this principle holds in regard to the inorganic processes of the cosmos. Take, for instance, earthquakes, which have been especially challenged as inconsistent with the goodness of a God. Of course, if we are to consider them from this point of view, we must not include under the designation merely the (comparatively few) calamitous occurrences which have shocked the world by the widespread carnage they have caused. We must include also those multitudinous lesser disturbances of the earth-surface (such as the one hundred or so which occur annually in Great Britain), which, though mostly so slight that they pass unnoticed save to observers possessed of the most delicate seismometers, are yet due to precisely the same causes as the famous earthquake at Lisbon, or the recent earthquake in Northern India—differing from them only as the dislodgment of a chance stone in a wall differs from the collapse of the entire wall. What may be the precise nature of the physical causes of which earthquakes are the result is not yet clearly established, the favourite theory of the moment being that the chief factor is the attraction of gravitation. To recur to the comparison just employed, which is from this point of view not so much a comparison as an illustration, just as, when the walls of a building become weakened in any part, the weight of the superincumbent roof will cause them to bulge out in one place

and fall in in another, so the mutual attractions exercised by two parts of the earth-crust on each other cause intermediate parts to bulge out or fall in. But however this may be it is at least certain that earthquakes are mere incidents in the working out of these same secular causes whereby the contour of the earth-surface has been determined, with that variety of mountain and valley, of sea and land, which was so indispensable if it was to be transformed into a habitation for man and beast. And we must say the same of volcanoes, of floods and storms, and of all similar effects. All are due to causes which have been working mechanically through the long ages, and however true it may be that in their direct tendency they are regardless of consequences, and that in certain times and places they have spelt calamity to a portion larger or smaller of sentient creation, the general tendency of their action has been for good in this particular regard, and the sum-total of the resultant good has predominated enormously over the resultant evil.

It is less easy to see how the principle for which we are contending, the principle that the residual result of nature's arrangements is enormously to the advantage of sentient creation, applies to the arrangements pervading the realm of organic life itself. The difficulty lies in this, that though the various orders of living things, and the individual living things that compose them, do undoubtedly minister to the good of one another, it is mostly by a kind of help which can hardly be cited in illustration of the extent to which nature is pervaded by the principle of benevolence. Man indeed, although perhaps even *his* primary use of the lower animals would seem to be to take away their lives for the supply of his larder or the interest of his sport, has other uses to which he can put them, as to draw his carts, or guard his dwellings, or supply his dairies. And there are some analogues to human practice in such phenomena as the employment by some ants of a subject race of ants to do their heavy work. Still the mode of help which one class of animals renders to another is mostly as it would seem by enforced submission to the general law of "eat and be eaten." Nor, it may be urged, can the force of this difficulty be escaped by suggesting as was done in a previous paragraph, that the incidence of this law even on the victims is not so severe but what it allows them to get a goodly portion of sentient enjoyment out of life during the life-period terminated by their falling into the hands of their devourers—for it is well

known that so prolific is the reproductive power in many species of fish and insect life, that only a tiny proportion of the total yield is able to maintain itself and survive in the struggle for existence. For instance it is urged that the roe of a single cod will contain several millions of eggs of which only a comparatively trifling number are able to survive and endure for an appreciable time, the vast majority being devoured wholesale by other fish in their first infancy — and needing to be so devoured, since if they were allowed to live they would quickly block up the ocean. The herring is another case of a like enormous scale of reproduction the result of which is simply that this fish is enabled to provide the fishy population with the chief staple of its food, and the like is to be said of many species of insects, such as the flesh-fly. How then can it be said that the balance for sentient creation is on the side of benefit and not loss?

The difficulty is doubtless impressive, still it remains possible to contend that the arrangements of the organic world are preponderantly for the advantage of the sentient creation. In the first place as regards this enormous fertility which is found in some forms of life, it bears all the marks of an arrangement to preserve the species if not the individual. In proportion as a species is enabled by its organization or its instincts, by its strength or swiftness, or its cunning or habits, to protect itself against danger to its life, is the number of its offspring small. In proportion as its power of self-defence is small is the number of the offspring to which it gives birth large. Thus in either case the continuance of the species is secured. Again—though this is a point which in the present imperfect stage of our knowledge even an expert naturalist could not work out completely—there are grounds for believing that quite apart from the office of yielding themselves as food to other living things, the various forms of life have their respective tasks assigned to them the performance of which is necessary for the maintenance of the general economy of nature. On this point we may borrow an illustration from a pertinent passage in *A Naturalist on the Prowl*. The author in question is describing the way in which beetles drag down manure under ground for the use of their grubs, and goes on to point out how in so doing they are really ministering to a much vaster purpose.

What is it they are doing? They are tilling the ground. These jungles are as all on the face of the earth was when Adam was still

uncreated, and there was not a man to till the ground. As then so now there often comes up a mist which waters the earth. But that is not enough. The ground must be ploughed, that that which is upon the top may go down, and that which is below may come up. The opposite process is ever going on. Every tree is silently but ceaselessly at work, thrusting its roots, like fingers, down into the earth, and separating and drawing up certain constituents of the soil, and conveying them through the channels of the trunk out to the ends of the branches, and moulding them into leaves. The leaves will wither and fall to the ground; or else cattle will eat them, or insects feed upon them; but they too will die and fall to the ground. Thus certain elements of the earth are for ever being brought up from the depths, and laid upon the surface. This cannot continue. They must be taken down again, and restored to the soil, or the foliage of the forest will soon fail, and the earth will be as barren as the moon. To carry out this great work there must be workmen, and millions upon millions there are, working as silently and as ceaselessly as the trees.

But to come to the law of death itself, to which the law of pain is but a necessary annex. In one very important respect it is not only consistent with a large degree of happiness in living beings, but is an indispensable necessity for their happiness. For were there no death to carry off the earlier generations when they have had their time there would be no earth vacant into the inheritance of which the later generations could enter to experience the joy of living. Death again is an intrinsic necessity to each organic being, for the principle of life within it—and we need not here wrangle over the nature of that principle—is of limited capacity. Its course, the course of the activity by which it unfolds and maintains the life of which it is the principle, is arc-shaped. At the first it exercises a plastic power and can even form new organs, later this power, at least in the higher organisms, deserts it, but only to give place to a power of maturing and preserving the full strength of the organs now completely formed. Then follows a third and declining period, during which this principle of life gradually exhausts itself and loses the power to perform its functions, until at length it can no longer resist the antagonistic forces acting upon the organism from without, and death ensues as an inevitable necessity. It is reasonable to suppose that this limitation of capacity in the principle of life of an organism is not arbitrarily impressed upon it by its Maker, but is the natural and therefore necessary condition of the particular kind of entity which if it is to live at all must live so; and

if so we are enabled to see how the intrinsic and extrinsic necessities of death correspond each with other, and take away all ground for complaint that death is a hardship to an animal—seeing that that cannot be a hardship which is the indispensable condition which allows it its meed of existence and enjoyment.

And again if death must come somehow to every living organism the difficulty is materially abated which we might otherwise discern in the instincts of carnivorous animals, as likewise in the nature of bacteria or other sources of disease, or in the nature of gravitation, or of fire, or of water, or of the hundred other agents by which the lives of men and animals are so frequently cut off prematurely. Here however two things need to be noted. First, the applicability of the consideration just advanced to the case of man might be challenged on the ground that for him, his life being a progressive career and not merely an oft-repeated daily round of animal functions, it does matter very seriously indeed that it should be liable to be cut off prematurely. But against this it may be replied that to begin with he is far less a sufferer from these external causes than are the lower animals, being so much better able to protect himself against their action; that, on the other hand, if life means so much more to him, at all events his true career, his preparation, namely, for eternity, need never be cut off prematurely; that, inasmuch as he is here under probation and requires to be stimulated to fidelity of life by constant reminders that death is uncertain, his subjection to accidental death seems in every way appropriate; that, inasmuch as even man's natural rate of increase by reproduction, if unchecked by other causes than those of mere senile decay, would quickly exhaust the means available for his subsistence, the effect of the thinning down of his race by accidental causes is, without endangering the ultimate salvation of any single person who does his duty, to allow of a larger number being born into the world and so passing on to fill the ranks of the blessed; and lastly that it is not easily intelligible how whilst living in the midst of a material creation he could be exempted from the operation of laws which, being general in their action, must affect his material organism just as they do those of the lower animals. Secondly it needs to be observed that the liability to become the food of others presses much less heavily on the higher organisms

than upon the lower, on animals than on fish or insects. In other words it presses most on the class of organisms in which the sense of pain is apparently dumbest. And when to this fact is added the equally undoubted fact that animals, especially animals of the lowest type, are free from all mental troubles and free too from the pains of anticipation, and very largely from the pains of recollection, so that when they suffer they suffer in the present only; and likewise the corresponding fact that these small creatures if they live at all have so far forth their share in the joy of living, and for a time which, if in our estimation infinitesimal, may to them be felt as length of days—we are perhaps entitled to claim as established on solid grounds the contention already more than once advanced—namely, that the balance consequent on our actual mundane arrangements inclines enormously on the side of happiness. Or if any one is still disposed to dispute this, he may at least admit that it is not indisputably proved that it inclines the other way.

With this conclusion established we are now in a position to deal with the famous dilemma of Epicurus. Suppose, urge the upholders of that dilemma, that what you have been saying is true, still, why should there be any question of striking a balance between the pains and pleasures which the present cosmic system yields? Why, if God exists and is omnipotent as well as good, does He allow in His handiwork any set-off against the happiness of living? This is the objection, but as a first reply we may ask whether it is quite so certain that God, if He wished to make a material universe, was free to avoid all intermixture of physical evil along with the physical good in it; of pain and death along with the ease and contentment which constitutes the joy of living. To some, indeed, this counter-question may appear preposterous. Is not God omnipotent according to the Christian religion, it will be exclaimed, and if He is omnipotent can there be any limits to His power, can there be anything that He cannot do? But even God cannot do what is intrinsically impossible, nor can we be so sure that the class of things intrinsically impossible is confined to such mathematical nonentities as triangles with four angles, or billiard balls which are and are not at the same time; nor, again, even if we suppose the intrinsic possibility of a material universe in which suffering had no place whatever, can we be sure that it would

be likewise intrinsically possible to establish it without calling into existence other disadvantages which in the judgment of God would greatly outweigh the disadvantage, if such it be, of the suffering incident to our present system. Let us put it to ourselves thus in regard to our present problem. If it was possible for Almighty God when He was creating to avoid that intermixture of good and evil which we find in our actual world, it must have been by adopting one or other of these three alternative courses. Either He must have determined to make some re-adjustment in the present arrangement of things and forces, or He must have determined to interpose continually to check each evil effect of the natural operation of the present cosmic causes as soon as it was on the point of arising, or He must have refrained altogether from creating a material universe populated by various forms of organic life.

It will help us to realize what would be required for the first of these alternatives, if we view it from the standpoint of Mr. Huxley's well-known suggestion. According to this thinker the whole Kosmos is explicable as the outcome, on the one hand of a vast number of material atoms and their collocation in the remote past, and on the other hand of the quantity and direction of the motion then communicated to them; and he surmised that a sufficient intelligence contemplating these atoms with their relative collocation and movements could have calculated with precision what would be their resultant evolution and its significance at any definite day and hour of the present age. Now would Mr. Huxley have been further prepared to believe that the same sufficient intelligence, engaged in the same act of contemplation at the same moment of the remote past, could have likewise perceived a possible modification in the collocation of these particles or the motion imparted to them, the effect of which would have been to eliminate all the physical evil under which the present world labours whilst retaining all its physical good? We feel sure that no one would be bold enough to affirm that a modification of this sort was intrinsically possible. The most we can say is that it may have been, but that it may also not have been, and this suffices for our present argument.

We pass then to the second alternative, and here the couplet in Pope's *Essay on Man* puts the point forcibly, for when he asks

When the loose mountain trembles from on high
Shall gravitation cease if you pass by?

he is suggesting the absurdity of just this alternative for the world's improvement, and we all feel with him that it would be most incongruous. When, too, it is question of claiming a miracle, the very same class of persons who claim the dilemma of Epicurus as fatal to Theism, take scandal at once at the supposition that Nature's Lord could have devised a system so imperfect as to need continual tinkering. Their contention is not indeed valid as against miracles, for these are but occasional occurrences, and occurrences at times when an exception to the ordinary course of nature seems postulated precisely *quâ* exception, as an indication whereby the God of Nature may signify His will to His creatures. But is it not valid against the supposition of a God interfering at every moment after the manner that would be required to eliminate all physical evil?¹ In other words, if it is easy to believe that God could, without disturbing the whole frame of things, intervene regularly and systematically for the prevention of such physical evil as would otherwise arise out of a scheme of general laws, can we be as certain that there would be nothing incongruous in such a method of Divine action?

But there is yet a third alternative to consider. Could God have avoided the intermixture of evil with good by refraining altogether from creating a material universe populated by living things having organized bodies? To this question we are presumably safe in replying in the affirmative, but before we yield to the blasphemy of arraigning Almighty God for not taking this course, it would be well for us to reflect what the

¹ It is at all events valid as against the position of the modern Agnostic who is confident that whatever happens is and ought to be ascribed exclusively to the operation of general laws. But can a Catholic consistently take up this same position, believing as he necessarily must (1) that there is a life to come in which the happiness of the good will be absolutely without alloy, and (2) that according to God's original providence with our race (which was withdrawn because of the Fall), man was not liable to death or the other physical evils which now afflict him? This is a question which is better kept out of the text, because in a purely philosophical argument it is unsound procedure to argue from positions of which reason apart from revelation can know nothing. Still it is a question which naturally occurs to the mind, and how is it to be met? At all events the absence of physical evil from the state of the blessed hereafter need cause us no difficulty, for theirs is a state of reward, whereas our present inquiry is as to whether a world free from all possibilities of evil would be suitable for a race of beings passing through its stage of probation. The state of "original integrity"—to give it its technical theological name—in which, according to the definitions of the Church, man existed before the Fall, is one which it is hard to conceive of as due to the operation of general laws, and which it is at all events simpler to ascribe to a system of special and personal interventions, of God or some order of spirits, higher in degree but after

The Problem of Evil.

17

result would have been to ourselves; and it is just here that the conclusion established above becomes valuable, the conclusion, namely, that the present arrangement brings with it to sentient, and particularly to rational life, much more of physical good than of physical evil. For one consequence, if Almighty God had taken the course suggested, would have been that *we* should never have come into being, and had the chance of all that residual joy of life which remains over after the balance between physical good and evil has been struck, not to speak of that further and more glorious joy of life which, according to Christian belief, awaits us hereafter, and can be made the richer in proportion as the physical evil which befalls us now is used as a means of merit. Nor let any one imagine that this difficulty might have been escaped by our being merely transformed from the state of spirits linked to bodies to that of pure spirits like the angels; for to suppose that is to ignore the peculiar character of personality. The change suggested could be no mere translation from state to state of the same personality, but would be the substitution of one personality for another, of the personality which is "not I" for that which is "I." From the nature of this consequence to ourselves we can estimate the corresponding consequence which would have befallen the forms of life inferior to our own. They too would have lost their share in existence altogether, and when we listen to the song of the birds and the humming of the bees, or contemplate the gambolling lambs and

the same kind as the providence which the stronger or better-instructed man can exercise over the weaker and more ignorant. Still we know very little about the constituents of this happier condition before the Fall, and we may well doubt if it was so comprehensive as an older race of theologians imagined. St. Paul speaks of "death" as the effect of sin, and makes no mention of any other class of ills. It may be a sound inference that under the term "death" we are to understand disease as included, but the mere fact of the dentition of many species of animals, man included, is irresistible evidence that they were meant to feed upon one another, and hence that, as regards animals at all events, death was intended to prevail, as it did prevail (witness the testimony of the rocks), before the Fall. Nor is it easy to conceive, even as regards man, that he was to be preserved from death in the primary sense of the word, since in that case a succession of generations would have been impossible. Probably St. Paul's use of the term "death" in this connection is to be understood rather of the sting of death, or death under its present conditions, as distinguished from death in the form of a painless and wrench-less transference from this world to the next. To conclude then, all that we can gather from the Catholic doctrine of man's "original integrity," as against the points contended for in the text, is that a certain degree of exemption from the operation of the existing system of general laws was accorded, and therefore could be accorded without incongruity, to man only, under certain conditions of innocence which no longer prevail.

the fluttering butterflies, are we not prone to believe that, could they for a moment be endowed with speech and enabled to declare their feelings, they would elect for existence which gives them their share or their chance of these good things, even though they should be made aware how quickly they were destined to perish at the hands of some destroyer.

Hitherto we have treated pain and suffering as though they were in themselves pure evils, and only admissible into God's world because they could not well be excluded without at the same time excluding the good by the side of which they are of much less moment. But it may also be claimed for pain and suffering that viewed from another standpoint they are positively and highly advantageous in the world. For pain is a watchman which announces the coming danger and arouses to measures for avoiding or overcoming it. And pain again is the great stimulant to action and endeavour. Even in regard to the non-rational creatures its influence could not be missed without many a splendid consequence being missed along with it. "I fail to see," justly remarks Professor Flint, "that the nearest approximation to the ideal of animal life is the existence of a well-fed hog which does not need to exert itself, and is not designed for the slaughter." And is it not the very contention of the Darwinian, indisputable to this extent, that the strength and beauty, the cunning and resourcefulness, which excites our admiration in the animal world is due to the struggle for existence in which none would join were it not for the stimulus of pain and want. And still more does this law hold good in regard to man. There are countries where the soil is so rich, and the heavens are so bountiful, that to support his life a man hardly needs to do more than lie down under the trees and let them drop their golden gifts into his mouth. It is not the races thus favoured by soil and climate who are most noted for their industry and enterprize. Nor is it conceivable that man would ever have achieved what he has achieved, since his career on earth began, and in particular all that he has achieved so marvellously in recent times, had it not been for this ever-urging stimulus of pain and want. To what an extent, too, has not the discipline to which he has been thus subjected been the means of training and perfecting his character. How many a virtue which now ennobles him would in a painless world have lacked altogether the opportunity for its exercise?

And still more does the force of this consideration impress itself on our minds, when from a mere inhabitant of this earth, intent on the ideals and aims circumscribed by its limits, we pass to regard him as a follower of Christ, seeking to fashion his soul after the image of Christ Jesus, and so prepare himself to be a worthy companion for the angels and blessed spirits who stand around the throne of God.

It will be said, indeed, that this consideration fails to carry conviction, because it forgets that an omnipotent God was able to secure all these desirable results apart from the means—such as pain and want, which here below are instrumental in attaining them; forgets too that this latter course would have been imperative on a really omnipotent God—as being the simpler and less cumbersome procedure. *Non facit per plura qui potest facere per pauciora.* Most confidently is this objection often urged by modern Agnostics—but surely it is one that ought not to impose on a thoughtful mind. The King may confer the honour of a dukedom on two of his subjects, in one case because the candidate is a personal favourite, in the other because he is the hero of a hundred battlefields and the saviour of his country from the danger of political extinction. The honours accorded to both are the same, and it may be that the natural endowments of both are the same, but who will not regard the distinction given to the great commander as belonging to a higher order altogether than that given to the royal favourite?

S. F. S.

The Strange Story of the Abbate Sidotti.

II.

WHAT was related in my last article of the mission of Father Sidotti was based on information which has long been accessible in print, although it is only of recent years that attention has been drawn to it. We may turn now to a very remarkable native account of the same event which has come to light since European scholars have been free to enter the country and devote themselves to the study of Japanese literature. Although the name of Arai Hakuseki is probably new to most of my readers, he was a man much honoured in the literary world of Japan at the time of Father Sidotti's enterprise, and he is still regarded among his countrymen as a classic. He was obviously a student of broad views and an inquiring mind. Probably it was his reputation for miscellaneous knowledge which led to his being consulted in this matter; but however it came about, we find that rather more than a year after the examinations at which the Dutch merchants assisted, the missionary, who seems to have been kept in very strict confinement at Nagasaki during the interval, was brought to Yedo,¹ and Hakuseki was commanded by the Shōgun to investigate thoroughly the cause of his coming to Japan. To this accident we owe the preservation of a rather full account of his talks with the prisoner, and of his impressions regarding his character and aims, all which are incorporated in the work, called *Seiyō Kibun*, a treatise seemingly of very miscellaneous contents.²

¹ Yedo, I need hardly explain, is the older name for Tokio, and was then as now regarded as the capital. Father Sidotti had all along begged to be taken to Yedo, where he hoped to be able to expound the Christian faith to the "Emperor"—he meant, presumably, the Shōgun—himself.

² A version of portions of Arai Hakuseki's treatise appeared in the *Journal* of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and much of this was afterwards reproduced in the Japanese periodical *The Chrysanthemum*, vol. ii. (1882). Some other portions relating to Sidotti were translated in the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan, vol. ix. pp. 156—172. But the most careful summary has been given by Dr. Lönholm in the *Mittheilungen der deutschen Gesellschaft f. Natur- und Volkerkunde Ostasiens*, vol. vi. pp. 149—189.

The reader will hardly need to be told that these notes of a Japanese sage, thus strangely brought into intimate contact with a Catholic priest of more than average learning, are of considerable interest. One is tempted to transcribe a great deal more than could be included in a magazine article like the present, but it is necessary to make a selection. Let me begin with a few words about Sidotti's arrest, of which a full account is given corroborating in date and all other details the Spanish narrative of Fray Agustin. The ship which brought the missionary had at once been sighted by the look-out from the cliffs of Yakushima, and it is evident that the dominant impression produced upon the Japanese fisher-folk was one of alarm, not so much from fear of violence on the part of a possible enemy as from a lively recollection of the decrees so sternly interdicting any sort of intercourse with foreigners. They all understood clearly that even to converse upon religious matters with a stranger was a capital offence. Anyway, in the official account subsequently communicated to Hakuseki concerning the first appearance of the missionary, we find after a few preliminary explanations the following statement :

On the morrow, the morning of the 29th of the 8th month (October 11th, 1708) the ship which appeared the day before on the sea near Yodomari village two *ri* west of Onoma, was still there, but as the north wind was strong,¹ it sailed away to the south. At the half hour of the Horse (12.30 p.m.) that ship had quite disappeared. That day a farmer named Tōbei, of the village of Koidomari in Yakushima, went to a place called Matsushita to burn charcoal; and as he was cutting wood, hearing a voice behind he looked back. A man with a long sword beckoned to him, but he did not understand his words. As he appeared to be asking for water, Tōbei went near and gave him some, and then ran away. When the other had finished drinking, he called Tōbei again, but he being afraid on account of the sword would not go near a second time. The man, conjecturing Tōbei's thought, put away the sword, and then Tōbei approached and he gave Tōbei one *ōgon*. Then as Tōbei thought he must have landed from among the men rowing the boat on the previous day, he would take neither sword nor money, but went away towards the shore. No ship nor any other man appeared. Then Tōbei returning to his own house, sent a messenger to the neighbouring village and reported the matter. He then went with two men, one named Goroyemon of the village of Hirata, the other Kihei, to Matsushita and met the foreigner. Then the man, pointing to (the

¹ It will be remembered that according to the Spanish account the party who had landed Sidotti had had considerable difficulty in rowing back on account of the rising wind and the heavy sea that was running in consequence.

village of) Koidomari, seemed to say that he would go there. As it appeared as though his feet were tired, one helped him on, another held his sword, and the third carried a sort of bag which he had brought with him, and they came together to the house of the Koidomari villager without eating. The man also took out two round ōgon and two square ones, and offered them to the house owner, but he would not receive them. They could not converse or understand anything about him, but his dress was the same as the Nipponese (*i.e.* Japanese). . . . When this came to the ears of the official who had charge of the island, he caused a place to be made to put him in at a village called Miyanoura, and having removed him there told the Lord of Satsuma. The ministers of Satsuma sent up a report sealed with their names to the commissioners at Nagasaki.¹

There is something which might almost be described as tragic in this lame and impotent conclusion after so many years of preparation and a journey of six thousand miles. Had the Abbate Sidotti sought his reward in this world it would have been a tragedy indeed. But he seems in fact to have lost neither courage nor hope, in spite of the promptitude of his arrest and consequent helplessness. Beyond the examination in the presence of the Dutch traders, which has been already described, we know little concerning his treatment in the first fifteen months. In the matter of food at least it is certain that he suffered no privations beyond those which he imposed upon himself, for we have a minute account of all that he eat. His gaolers noticed that he observed certain "days of purification" (fast-days), and on these he allowed himself only one proper meal, at noon, but he took a second dessert in the evening. His ordinary dessert, it appears, consisted of "four roast chestnuts, two oranges, five dried persimmons, two round persimmons, and one piece of cake." We are told also that:

even on fast-days he eat fish, and after he came to Yedo he would not enter a bath even once, but he wasn't a bit dirty; and except when he was eating, he drank neither hot nor cold water.

It was in December, 1709, that the prisoner arrived in Yedo. The journey from Nagasaki had taken nearly two months, and the sitting cramped up in a *norimono* (a sort of sedan chair used

¹ *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, ix. 170. It may be noticed that in his transliteration of names, Mr. Wright, the author of this translation, often differs from Dr. Lönholm. Throughout this paper, except where otherwise indicated, I have followed Mr. Wright's version as the more generally accessible to English readers.

for travelling) for so many hours during that bitter season, seems to have deprived poor Father Sidotti of the use of his lower limbs for the rest of his life.¹ When Arai Hakuseki was first introduced to him two men "held him up by the armpits." In the early days of their intercourse Arai found it hard to understand him, but by degrees they grew more accustomed to each other and dispensed with interpreters. The Japanese sage evidently soon came to appreciate the courtesy, self-restraint, strength of character, and general intelligence of his prisoner. Their interviews took place in the Kirishitan Yashiki, of which much was said in a former article, and in which Sidotti was kept under a strong guard who never left him night or day. One of the first incidents which broke the ice between the two men had reference to this very guard. The priest greatly commiserated the soldiers whose duty it was to watch him at night in the intensely cold weather. He endeavoured to explain to Arai how much he felt for the inconvenience to which he put them. He assured the commissioner that after travelling 6,000 miles to get to Japan he had no intention of trying to run away, that he could not escape even if he were free, and that he was willing to be securely chained in fetters if only they would leave him to himself, and let the guards take their rest. Hakuseki evidently thought that this was humbug, and he made a remark about it aloud to the other commissioners.

I said to them [he tells us]: I should not have thought him so deceitful. But the prisoner having heard me, and seeming to dislike me very much, said: "It would be shameful for any one not to speak the truth, much more since there is a special commandment of my religion with respect to telling lies. From the time I came to understand the principles of religion until now, I have not told any untruths. How came you to say such a thing of me?"

Hakuseki met the attack with a rather ingenious retort which in substance amounted to this. If, he urged, Sidotti was

¹ It is not likely that this cruelty was intentional. Measured by Japanese standards, Sidotti was an immensely tall man—he was over six feet—and the *norimono* was probably not constructed for people of that stature. That he was insufficiently clad was due to his refusal of the garments offered to him. Dr. Lönholm states from personal experience that for a European this manner of conveyance is "a veritable torture," for the traveller has to sit, as Orientals are trained to do, with his legs doubled under him, and he adds: "Last year I undertook a mountain climb and had to begin my journey in a *norimono* (or *kago*). When however, after a three hours' journey I tried to walk, I fell to the ground as though my legs were powerless, and I had to be helped into the inn by my bearers."

as anxious as he pretended to be about the peace of mind of his gaolers, he would not worry them as he did by refusing to put on warmer clothing. The Shōgun had given orders that the prisoner's health was not to suffer, but Sidotti exposed them all to reprimand by refusing to let himself be properly clad.

He replied: "Since I have heard your words, I think that what I said before was a mistake, therefore I will receive the garment and set the commissioners' minds at rest!" The commissioners were glad that he had spoken such a sensible thing. Then the Roman, turning again to the interpreter, said, "If it is all the same, I humbly wish not to receive silk robes, only cotton ones!"

It was after this episode, so far as I can make out, that the Japanese sage and the Roman priest began to feel more at ease in one another's company. Hakuseki's mind was evidently keenly athirst for knowledge. He was impressed by Father Sidotti's acquaintance with many things which lay quite beyond the range of his own circle of studies, and the duty entrusted to him by the Shōgun of picking the stranger's brains was clearly a congenial one. Many long hours they must have spent together, mostly it would seem in the presence of other commissioners, and Sidotti's laboured replies were diligently taken down in writing. The missionary's demeanour was courteous, modest, and dignified, and it clearly conciliated his principal examiner. When in the early stages of their intercourse the priest was at a loss for words to describe a three-decker ship of war, Hakuseki helped him out by holding up his left hand sideways and sticking the finger-tips of his right hand between the four fingers, thus suggesting the tiers of guns protruding through the port-holes. Sidotti was very appreciative of this bit of pantomime. "It is exactly so," he remarked, and turning to the interpreters, he added: "It is very clever." Hence in his general description of the prisoner's behaviour Hakuseki observes that: "He was very careful to show his approval even in small things," and, he continues:

When he sat beside the table in the garden, he first folded his hands and made a bow, and with his right hand he made a sign [evidently the sign of the Cross] on his forehead, and afterwards closing his eyes sat down, but like a statue, without any movement. Whenever the commissioners rose up, he also stood up and made obeisance and then sat again. When they came back to their seats he also stood and made a bow. Every day he acted in the like manner. Once, on seeing a com-

missioner sneeze, he looked at him and repeated a form of incantation,¹ and then turning to the interpreter he said: "The weather and the climate are cold; can't you put on another coat? My countrymen are careful about sneezing. Formerly, people in my land were everywhere seized with this sneezing sickness."

For some time it would seem that the examination of the missionary turned principally upon himself, upon the route by which he had come, the names of foreign countries, and certain elementary facts of geography and astronomy. Several days passed before Hakuseki became sufficiently accustomed to the stranger's queer Japanese to render direct conversation possible without the aid of interpreters. But the sage was evidently greatly impressed by Sidotti's general intelligence, and his inquiries elicited the fact that the missionary had been a great student in his own country.

In respect of general knowledge and good memory [Hakuseki records] even at Roma he was considered very learned. In astronomy and geography the Nipponese could not come near him at all. I inquired as to the ancient matters at Roma, and he said: "There are many kinds of learning there, and among these I am acquainted with sixteen." For example, as to astronomy and so forth, the first day I met him, as the day was nearly ended, I inquired of the other commissioners, "What time is it? As there is no bell to strike the hour I don't know." Then, turning his head and observing the position of the sun, and looking at his own shadow, bending his fingers and calculating, he said: "In my country's fashion it is such a division of such an hour, of such a day, of such a month, and year." This was by the triangular sun-dial method, and appeared very simple to him, but I don't think you would say it was very easy.

Certainly, this tribute to Sidotti's general information is justified by the notes preserved of his replies. For an Italian priest at the beginning of the eighteenth century he seems to have taken a quite remarkable interest in the languages and the politics of the different countries of Europe remote from his own. It must be confessed that his point of view is in many cases rather amusingly ultramontane. The following brief account of England, for example, which occurs in its place in a series of descriptions of the principal nations of the world, will be read with interest:

¹ Many of my readers will recall the practice common in Italy and elsewhere of bowing and saying "God save you" or some similar phrase, when any one of the company sneezes. The custom, as sundry learned dissertations have proved, is of pre-Christian origin. It is mentioned by Pliny, and is apparently also familiar to Mohammedans in the East.

Angerua (*Anglia*, England); in Italian, *Engerutaira* (*Inghilterra*); in Dutch, *Ingerando* (England); formerly in Japan, *Ingarataira* (*Inglattera*), or *Gerehorotan* (Great Britain), but now commonly called *Ingrisu* (English), lies in the north-west of Europe. It consists of two great islands. The northern part of the one is called *Sukottea* (*Scotia*), the southern part *Angerua* (*Anglia*). The other island is called *Iperenia* (*Hibernia*).

The inhabitants of this country are experienced in seafaring and in naval warfare. The merchant ships of other peoples were terrified of them, and called them *Kaizoku* (pirates). This made the King of England ashamed, and he forbade his subjects in future to sail in foreign seas.

Once upon a time this country followed the Catholic religion. Later on, it happened that the King of England took a dislike to his lawful consort, and raised his concubine to the rank of wife. But since, according to the Catholic teaching, adultery is strictly forbidden, therefore the religious head of Rome was indignant with this setting aside of the commandments of God, and so he broke off all connection with *Angerua*, and the other Catholic States followed his example.¹

Apart from the substance of these communications, the reader of philological tastes will not fail to appreciate the interest attaching to the transliteration of the European names with which every page is studded. Dr. Lönholm in his valuable paper has paid special attention to this feature, though the points are too technical for any very detailed notice here. Suffice it to remark that, as the most superficial glance will show, the Japanese ear recognizes no distinction between the sounds of *r* and *l*, but, on the other hand, is quick to detect the latent or neutral vowels (*sheva*), in which the pronunciation of Italians or Spaniards is peculiarly rich. I have already noticed in a previous article how *Pedro* in a Japanese record is transformed into *Peitōro*, or *Padre* into *Bateren*. Here we have *Scotia* appearing as *Sukottea*, *Anglia* as *Angerua*, while the sort of faint echo which is often heard in an Italian pronunciation after a final *s* is represented by a (scarcely audible) appended *u*. Both in the sixteenth century and at the present day the name for God among the Japanese Christian converts is *Deusu*, from the Latin *Deus*, and so in the extract just quoted we find the form *Ingrisu*, representing, if I mistake not, the word *English*.

After the conversations between the Japanese *savant* and Sidotti had continued for some few days, the latter was at last

¹ *Seiyō Kibun* ("Notes of the Western Ocean"). Lönholm, in the *Mittheilungen des deutschen Gesellschaft f. Völkerkunde Ostasiens*, vol. vi. p. 169.

allowed to broach the subject dearest to his heart. The matter-of-fact narrative of Hakuseki only throws into stronger relief the earnest enthusiasm of the missionary, who had given up all that was dear to him and travelled to the end of the world for such an opportunity as this.

What we had inquired about before only related to his country. We had not asked the cause of his coming here, and the object of his religion. He used to explain the matters of his religion whenever the words came up, but I made no reply. On the next day I said to the authorities, "Up to yesterday this man's examination has lasted about three (?) days. Now I can understand his words without mistake and I think he can understand my words well. Henceforth I think it would be well to inquire the cause why he has come. If not, as assuredly his talk will be about the principles of his religion, perhaps the commissioners will come together and you will be pleased to order me to hear the reason of this matter. They signified their approval. I also told the commissioners and bid them meet. On the 4th of the 12th month I went to the commissioners' office and the commissioners also met there. They had him out of prison, and I asked him why he came to Nippon and what doctrines he came here to spread. When I had done so he rejoiced very much, and said: "Six years ago I heard that I was to come here as a messenger, and enduring many thousand miles of wind and waves, at last I have arrived at this capital. But as this day, if I lived in my own land, would be the beginning of New Year, a time when all men are rejoicing together, I think it truly a joyful thing that to-day for the first time since I came to Japan¹ I am asked about my religion." (In that sect at Roma perhaps the calendar may be different on the 4th of the 12th month). He spoke fully about his religion. His doctrine was different in no respect from what was in the three volumes lent me from the commissioners' office. Only there were a few verbal differences, and the names of places and men were spelt differently, all the sounds being slightly altered.

It is infinitely pathetic to think of the sad disappointment which must have followed upon this opportunity so long dreamed of and so ardently sighed for. Sidotti's listeners seem to have been patient enough. The Japanese sage has preserved an abstract of the tenets of the Christian faith as the missionary explained them, together with a summary of Old and New Testament history and an account of the vicissitudes of the Christian Church. I cannot help suspecting that the very eagerness and enthusiasm of the missionary prejudiced his

¹ This must have been the New Year of 1710. Sidotti, it will be remembered, landed on October 11, 1708, nearly fifteen months before. During most of the intervening period he had been confined at Nagasaki.

cause. Anyway, Hakuseki's impression, though he seems to have been quite satisfied as to the personal integrity of the Roman priest, and even as to the moral rectitude of the religion he had come to teach, was distinctly unfavourable.

When he came to speak about his religion, it appeared to be not in the slightest respect like the true way. Wisdom and folly became suddenly interchanged in him. At first I had thought him very intelligent, but when he began to explain his doctrine he became like a fool; it was just as if one had heard the words of two men. At this point, though I knew that while Roman learning is well accustomed to deal only with matter and mechanics, and is acquainted with things derived from matter, yet it is not acquainted with things above matter; yet I thought that perhaps the doctrine of the existence of a Creator may not be false. So then after that our talk ended.

There is much quaint interest attaching to the summary of Christian teaching which Hakuseki has preserved, but it would take us too far to go into any detail. We may read in these pages, curiously modified by their Japanese interpreter, the story of the fall of man and the redemption; how *Deusu* (*Deus*, God), thrust *Ruchiheru* (Lucifer), and the rebel angels (*angerusu*) down into *imperuno* (*inferno*), how *Eizusu* (Jesus) came on earth to ransom mankind, with many other familiar teachings. One gleaneth here and there some rather original views about ecclesiastical history; as, for instance, when the Italian priest told his questioner that the followers of *Ruteirusu* (Luther) honour *Deusu* (*Deus*), but that they know nothing about *Eizusu* (Jesus).

After spending much time and patience upon the inquiry, as the notes just referred to would alone abundantly prove, Arai Hakuseki thought it incumbent upon him to draw up a report and forward it to the Shōgun. The very terms in which the document is couched prove that, despite the relative indulgence with which the prisoner had hitherto been treated, it was a question of life or death which had to be decided. Happily Hakuseki was a large-minded man, and there was something about the missionary's courage and self-restraint which evidently appealed to him. The report sent in was probably as favourable to Sidotti as was in any way safe in the prisoner's own interests. Any more direct commendation would only have aroused suspicion. I make no apology for quoting it at length:

The present memorial is respectfully submitted to the consideration of your august Highnesses:—"The stranger whom we now hold in

confinement is the native of a country thousands of miles away. As I understand it, another stranger accompanied him from home, and went to China. Now the government of China will certainly have treated him in some way or other. It is therefore important that our government carefully consider the question of his treatment. Hence, not unmindful of my inability, I feel impelled to open my mind to you on the subject:—According to my humble opinion there are but three ways of dealing with the prisoner, which I shall designate, the best, the medium, and the worst. (1) The first and best is to release him and send him home. (2) The plan second in merit is to imprison him for life. (3) The third and worst is to put him to death at once. The divine ancestor of our illustrious Shōgun prohibited the belief of the Christian religion in the 19th year of Keichō (1614). But at that time the prohibition was by no means severe or absolute. It was told the government, however, that the ultimate object of the propagation of the religion was to seize the country. The insurrection of the Christians at Shimabara, Kuishiū, would make such a story plausible, but I do not think that that was the motive with which the missionaries worked. Iyemitsu, however, made the prohibition absolute. All who recanted their faith were spared; those who did not were executed; even the foreigners who refused to recant were put to death. About a hundred missionaries were thus destroyed, while only five saved their lives by recantation.¹ Still more missionaries came and converts rapidly increased. So towards the close of the reign of that illustrious Shōgun, it was ordered that they should all lean on their own staff. At that time an immense number, from 200,000 to 300,000, perished. If the government prefer to follow the policy of that time, then the easiest answer to the present problem is 'kill him.' But this is not the preferable way. The stranger was born into the world in a country where that odious religion was prevalent. Education has become a second nature to him, and he cannot be blamed for not discerning the unreasonableness and falsity of his religion. He is not himself to be blamed if at the order of a superior authority he left an old mother, sixty-eight years of age, and a brother also well advanced in life, and came to this empire at the risk of his life, amid dangers and distresses which for six years have overwhelmed him. The steadfastness of his determination ought to be admired. I cannot but wonder at his resolution and fixedness of purpose.² To put him to death under these circumstances is like shedding innocent blood. Therefore that plan I conceive to be the worst of those which

¹ This statement about the five who saved their lives by recantation seems to have been added by Arai in his own copy of the Report as a sort of side-note. See Lönholm, p. 177, note 78.

² Here, again, in his own copy, Arai appends the remark: "It is easy at the behest of a king or great teacher to lay down one's life by a momentary act; but it is much harder for years together to brave the perils of the ocean at a king's command in order to reach a distant land." (*Ibid.* note 81.)

are open to us; nor is it in accordance with the conduct of the ancient Sage-Kings. According to the former law of the Shōgun, he might, of course, save his life by recanting. But when I consider the determination of the man, I do not suppose for a moment that he would change his mind though threatened with instant death. To make such an attempt would be vain. On the other hand it would be trifling with the solemn laws of our land to allow him to live here in defiance of the prohibition of preceding Shōguns; and to think of his languishing all his life in a narrow prison is unbearable to humane hearts. Since Iyemitsu's order to destroy all believers indiscriminately was given, no foreigner has been allowed to return to his native land. But still they dare to send this missionary. Now if it becomes known that he is kept alive, they will be encouraged to suppose that the prohibition is becoming a dead letter and will send many more. And if they hear nothing of his fate they will become anxious about him, and will eventually send other messengers to inquire after him. Moreover, if he is kept alive, the government will have to take upon itself the responsibility of keeping watch over him day and night. On these considerations I hold that it is not the wisest course to keep him imprisoned for life. I would therefore urge that he be instructed in the severity of the laws of our land, and being warned of the certain fate of all foreigners who hereafter come to these shores, that he be allowed to return to "Rokuson" (Luçon) by some Canton ship that may call at Nagasaki, or by some ship that goes to China from Riukiu (Loo Choo). This I believe to be the best mode of treatment. (Signed, &c.)¹

There is not much more to tell. What remains concerns only the manner of Father Sidotti's death. Hakuseki says nothing directly of the effect produced by his Report, but we may infer from the fact that Sidotti lived on for some years in the Kirishitan Yashiki at Yedo, that the Government adopted the second of the courses suggested, *i.e.*, that of perpetual imprisonment. It may perhaps be remembered that the Dutch statement, quoted at the conclusion of my last article, which represented the missionary as having been walled up alive in a narrow cell, assigns as the cause of this punishment that he had preached Christianity and baptized those who came to him. Probably the foundation for this rumour is to be found in the

¹ This passage, which I have borrowed from the *Journal* of the North China Asiatic Society, New Series, part iii., has been much curtailed by the English translator, Dr. Brown, and it is to be regarded rather as a summary than as a literal version. Arai adds the marginal comment that since Sidotti travelled from Nagasaki to Yedo in a closed *norimono*, which allowed him no view of the outer world, he could give no information about the country of Japan to those who sent him there. (*Ibid.* p. 178, note 83.)

conversion of the old man and woman who were assigned to him as servants. Arai Hakuseki, referring to the early stages of his intercourse with the missionary, shortly after the latter had arrived in Yedo, describes a visit which he and the other commissioners paid to the Kirishitan Yashiki to see how their prisoner was lodged. He mentions the enclosure at Koishikawa¹ and speaks of the dwelling house on the north side of the prison.

Formerly [he continues] the teachers of that doctrine who had returned to orthodoxy [*i.e.*, who had apostatized from Christianity] were put there. An old couple were living in it, and as the commissioners approached, the two came out to meet them. These were the children of some criminals, and having become slaves thereby, they were given as servants to some one kept here, and they had become man and wife. They had not themselves embraced the foreign doctrine, but as they had been servants to Christians from childhood, they were not allowed outside the enclosure. Well, the commissioners looked at the house. It was large, separated into three by thick boards, and they had placed the missionary in the west room. He had cut red paper into the shape of a cross and pasted it on the west wall, and was reciting his prayers so as to read them under the cross. To the south of this dwelling was another house. There the warders kept watch.

When Hakuseki alludes to this couple again he is referring to a date five years later. It seems simplest once more to quote his own words.

A little while after this the Shōgun died, and in the 4th year of the Shōtoku period (1714), the winter of Kōgo, the couple who had been the servants of the Yaso (*i.e.*, Christian) teacher who had conformed to orthodoxy confessed openly. This teacher's name was Kurokawa Juan. I do not know well whether his true name was not Franchisuko Shuan; and the names of the servants were—the man, Chōsuke: the woman, Haru. They said: Formerly when our master was alive he secretly taught us his doctrine, but we did not know that he acted contrary to the laws of the land forbidding the religion of Yaso when he taught that doctrine. Now that we have become very old, we have seen how this Roman, not regarding his life for the sake of religion, has come many thousand miles, has been captured and is dwelling in prison, and loath as we are to lose the short span of this life, yet, as it is a fearful thing to fall into the soul prison, we have received the doctrine from him and become believers. As it would be opposing the goodness of the government not to confess these things, we confess thus much.

¹ In Dr. Lönholm's article elaborate plans are given of the building and neighbourhood, which would enable any modern visitor to Tokio to find the exact site. The old enclosure has of course long since been swept away.

However it may turn out for us, we ask that we may be dealt with for our crime according to the laws.¹

Dr. Lönholm assumes that the lapsed Christian teacher who had planted the rudiments of the faith in the hearts of this poor old couple must have been Father Joseph Chiara. One would be glad to think that after his fall from the faith, the last years of the Sicilian Jesuit's sad and lonely old age had been so employed and blessed, but the matter is in no way certain. We know from documents cited by Sir Ernest Satow that an "Annamite Christian named Yikuan" died in the Kirishitan Yashiki as late as 1700, and this name seems more suggestive than Chiara's of the forms Juan or Shuan mentioned by Hakuseki.

The frank confession of the two old people seems to have caused a serious disturbance in the peaceful life of the enclosure. They were separated from each other and imprisoned. It would seem that even then Sidotti did not speak Japanese very intelligibly, for we learn that the authorities waited until the Dutch merchants came to Yedo in 1715 to institute an official inquiry into this charge of proselytizing. If the accuracy of Mr. Wright's translation may be trusted, Hakuseki's account of the matter briefly records:

The next year (1715) in the 3rd month, when the Hollanders came to Nippon (the central island in which Yedo is situated) we interpreted the Roman's words. The crime of having secretly given instruction to the old couple in opposition to his former undertaking was examined into and he was bound in prison. Then he showed his real thoughts; raising his voice he abused the commissioners, called out the names of the old couple and strengthening their faith, ceased not day and night advising them to hold steadfast unto death.²

Of the missionary's further sufferings, of the nature of his imprisonment we know nothing. Hakuseki only mentions that the old man, Chōsuke, died on the 7th day of the 10th month of that same year, and he adds, "After the middle of the month the Roman also becoming ill, died on the 21st day of the month. He was about 47 years of age."

A strange story and a sad ending, but as we may surely hope and believe, a splendid victory and a glorious crown.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Transactions*, vol. ix. p. 167.

² *Ibid.*

The Place of Emotion in Religion.

ALTHOUGH singularly little has been done towards the writing of a theology of feeling in English, it is perhaps not too much to state that a very great number, possibly the great majority of English-speaking people, base their religious convictions and justify their beliefs as well as their practice upon what is popularly known as feeling, emotion, or sentiment. In view of such a fact, a setting forth of the problem of feeling cannot have a mere speculative value. It is important to realize the precise nature and value of such a basis of faith, when it is remembered that issues far more serious and momentous than any others are involved in it; and it is in no sense a vain speculation to ask for the credentials of that persistent and practically universal sentiment which lies at the root of much of our religion and morality.

But is it possible that there can be any philosophical aspect of so vague a question? How can a systematic survey of those multitudinous mental states—affections, aversions, presentiments, forebodings, desires, certainties—which are all grouped together and summed up in that exceedingly convenient, if very loosely used, word *feeling*, give us any clue to its nature and value, especially in the formation of beliefs? Obviously, if philosophy be correctly described as the science of things human and divine, together with the causes in which these things are contained,¹ feelings, emotions, sentiments, must find their places assigned within its totality. To such a science belongs to investigate the nature and characteristics of feeling as it is found within us; and this no less by an analysis of the peculiar states or modes in virtue of which we can be said to feel, than by a careful separation and abstraction from feeling pure and simple of all those other states and modes of psychical life so commonly confounded with this. "Mind," we have been told, "is distinguished by the three attributes or properties, namely,

¹ Cicero, *De Officiis*, ii.

Feeling, Volition, and Intellect,"¹ and the tendency of the majority of writers upon the subject seems to be to divorce utterly these three "attributes or properties" of the mind. On the other hand, however, we are not seldom reminded that man is but one individual being, and that these processes, or faculties, or modes of his expression are not to be violently separated, even under the analytic investigation of the professed philosopher, without incurring the grave danger of failing to account for any separate one of a group of states or potentialities which are never found separately but always in an essential union. A mental feeling is—to dispense for the moment with all consideration of the merely sensitive—an impossibility without some intellectual conception of that to which it is related. Without a feeling there is no due motive upon which the will can act. Both positions, of course, have much of truth in their support. Man, as he exists in nature, is not a bare calculating intellect. He is the microcosm made up of all his *powers*, natural and acquired. It is impossible to conceive a will in action without a perceiving, thinking, judging faculty, from which it can receive its motives, precisely as perceived, judged, and, at any rate, to some extent thought out. *Nihil volitum quin præcognitum* runs the indisputable formula. And it is as impossible to conceive an emotion or intellectual feeling without an object perceived by the intellect to which it refers as to think an act of the will exerted towards an intellectual nonentity.

Still, even if in the actual living human being the natural interdependence of thought, volition, and feeling must be taken into account, recognized, and properly valued, it is only in insisting upon a separate analysis of each that the nature of any one, or the mutual relationships of all, can be grasped. Upon what basis, then, is a distinction to be made? Not, it is clear, in that intellect and will—with possibly feeling as well—are modes or faculties of man: for, if they differ in any respect, in this at least they all agree. But thought and volition are certainly exercised upon objects which differ in such wise as to afford an adequate natural basis for a differentiation of the faculties severally related to them. The intellect, taken abstractly, contemplates truth. Its province is bounded by the limits of the true and the false. The will, on the other hand, has nothing to do with truth as such. It can only exercise its act of election towards objects or courses of action which are presented to it

¹ Bain, *The Emotions and the Will*.

as good or complete of the nature to which it belongs. As will, it is at the mercy of the reason: for it cannot tell whether its object be true or false: it cannot discern and judge whether its proposed action be really good or bad. It is not a deliberative faculty. What the intellect lays before it, for its election, certified as good, it adopts: for its nature is to act on whatever is presented as good, if it acts at all. When many "goods" are laid before it, it is free to choose, to bid the reason investigate further and report again, to adopt, or to reject. What then of the feelings? Can they be distinguished from both reason and will as possessing objects formally differing from the good and from the true, in any sense in which a distinct nature, as of a faculty, can be attributed to them? And if not, what is their precise nature and value in the catalogue of the immaterial equipment of man's soul?

In this connection, I take for granted that the soul of man is a spiritual substance, having an existence independent of the body of which it is at once the co-ordinating and vivifying principle. The truth of such a postulate flows necessarily and naturally from the nature of the intellectual or volitional faculty. And consequently, whether there be a special faculty which we know as that of feeling, or whether the psychical states, in virtue of which we are able to say that we feel, are modifications of the intellectual or volitional states, mental feelings are at once placed beyond the reach of materialistic theories. I assert, in other words, and do not attempt to prove here, that whatever feeling may be, one of its forms is immaterial, and consequently differs fundamentally from those feelings which belong to sensation. Anger, for example, fear or love in man, belong to the soul rather than to the body; and, for this reason, any form of materialism is to be rigidly excluded from the question as precluding the possibility of an answer being given at all.

Still, it may be urged that, as a fact, I myself think, will, and feel; and that it is an undertaking to no purpose to attempt to separate states or conditions of an individual consciousness which are really inseparable. The reply is obvious. Each one of us is truly conscious of the identity of the thinking, willing, or feeling subject: but the experience of each has also included thoughts and truths with a very varying range of feelings, and strong feelings which are inoperative in the exercise of the will. In its widest sense, perhaps, any consciousness might be called

feeling; but as consciousness is a very good term for it there seems to be no necessity to extend the signification of feeling beyond the obviously natural one connected with pleasurable or painful states, whether mental or physical. Whether or no there can be a consciousness at all that is free from some such qualification of pleasure or pain is another question, and one not very much to the present point.

It will be remembered that the great representative of the schools does not treat of feeling as a separate faculty. The psychical states which modern philosophers tend to group together as belonging to this new faculty found their place, in his treatment of them, among the passions; and these *passiones* are to be found exhaustively treated in the *Prima Secundæ* of the *Summa*, as affections of the sensitive appetite rather than of the intellectual.

But since there is no little confusion in modern writings between the two, it may perhaps be of some advantage to review the dominant phases of what we know as feeling, distinguishing it meanwhile as far as possible from the abstract operations of the two recognized faculties by which we envisage truth and follow the pursuit of the good. But feelings, whatever they may be, like thoughts and volitions, have their origin in the senses: indeed, there are feelings that never get beyond the sense limit except as perceived by the mind. And therefore, in the first place it may help not a little to consider the direct and simple feelings that have to do with sense-perception; since it is one and the same principle that is affected by the feelings of the body and of the soul. Man is one individual. Whether it is the sensation of a burn or a toothache, an affection or a spiritual desire, it is that one individual who experiences it. Now does feeling, pleasurable or painful, in the sensitive part of man's nature, pertain to sense-perception or to sensible appetite; or is it something distinct from either? The answer to such a question, when the subject is limited to mere sensation, seems to be an extraordinarily simple one. Feeling, in the case of the senses, is the result of sense-perception, the cause of sensible appetite. It seems too obvious a truism to require to be set down as a truth: and yet, I venture to think, the graver difficulties of complex intellectual feelings or emotions are implicitly solved and answered in this one consideration. My sense acquaints me, with a report so instantaneous that it seems to be almost mechanical, with the nature

of the object acting upon it in so far as that nature can be the direct stimulus of the sense. The fire burns my hand. The sensation is painful. I withdraw my hand from the fire, and shall avoid it in the future.

Similarly, I crave for food—for no particular kind of nourishment, let us suppose—I am simply hungry. My physical nature, taught by this craving, seeks for something which will repair its waste or build up its tissues. The feeling prompts to action. And it must not be forgotten that such feelings as the one just instanced are quite beyond the power of the individual to satisfy for himself, until his experience has given him a knowledge enabling him to modify and make use of it. Hunger in man and craving for food on the part of the unweaned child are the same thing.

Sensible feelings, then, are the mediate results of the actions of exterior bodies upon our organs of sense or of changes in the organism itself. The feeling is not, properly speaking, either the bare act of sensation or the material modifications in the organ which precede this. It is the final, though practically instantaneous effect of the series—stimulus, modification, perception. But it is also immediately the stimulus to action: and consequently can be said to be the cause which gives impetus, in the mere animal, at any rate, to the appetites. The sense-perception, in other words, clothes itself with the present or anticipatory qualities of pleasureableness or painfulness. As it is contemplated, it is effect: as stimulating the appetitive faculties, it is cause. In the psychology of sensation, therefore, feeling is neither the perception itself nor the appetite to which it gives rise. It is rather a quality of perceptive acts fitting them to be the instinctive stimuli to the desires and aversions.

From feelings of this kind the transition to the emotions, though abrupt, is natural. In man the whole complex total of the various component parts of his nature is the result of the informing principle which makes him what he is, and differentiates him from all other beings. By his soul he is, lives, perceives sensibly and intellectually, is endowed with his animal appetites as well as his rational will. What are the feelings, removed by their immateriality from those of the senses, by which he is so powerfully swayed and directed in his courses of action: feelings which in popular phraseology are so numerous that they include alike affections and beliefs; and extend with equal

comprehensiveness to probabilities and certitudes? Are they the first attribute of mind as distinguished from volition and intellect? Do they belong to reason or to will? Or was Blaise Pascal right when he remarked that "the heart has its reasons, which reason knows not, as we feel in a thousand instances"?

It will be necessary to limit the use of the term, at any rate as it is here employed, to a meaning somewhat more restricted in extent than that to which popular usage puts it. We can, indeed, be said to feel certain of the truth of a mathematical conclusion: but there is a vast difference between such feeling and the sentiments which we entertain for our most intimate friends. So we can feel a vague fear, unrest, or uneasiness, upon what appear to be very insufficient grounds: while the certain knowledge of some terrible catastrophe leaves us insensible to any personal pain. Thus feeling, apart from its causes or effects, will be understood merely as a mental state of pleasure or of pain.

Does this state of pleasure or pain find any independent place in the mind? Surely not. Pleasure must be of something. The state is a pleasant one because the object contemplated is pleasant. Feeling is consciousness plus its pleasurable or painful characteristics. And as actual consciousness often is the outcome of a great number of partial or complete perceptions and considerations, difficult, perhaps, to realize categorically and analyze, so, it may well be, the more elusive feelings depend upon a great variety of acts of consciousness to no one of which, possibly, much attention is paid, and yet which issue in a persistent and strong feeling, invariably, unless held in check by a positive act of the will, prompting to action.

Consequently, for whatever value we are to attach to feeling as a reliable guide to truth and right, we must fall back upon the worth of that consciousness of which it is a modification. And so the heart may have its feelings of which reason may not be cognizant; emotions validly based on a consciousness which reason ignores; sentiments justified by an intellectual process to which little or no direct attention is paid. Take a friendship, for instance. Who can accurately trace and sum up the multitude of factors that have placed such a feeling within him? Probably no one was sufficient to justify the full confidence and utter trust he places in his friend. Although he may know human nature well by experience, his friend is certainly incapable of an unworthy action. He scorns any imputation to the

contrary, and only gradually and with a positive difficulty allows his opinion—which for him is the strong conviction of consciousness—to be modified, as he finds his friend proving himself unworthy of the great faith which he put in him. Now what was that friendship worth? In the enormous majority of cases, everything. It was worth precisely as much as his judgment, formed upon so many reports of consciousness. It was, for him, as valid a guide to conduct and action as instinct is to the brutes, and it could lead him astray in precisely the same way as their necessary instinct sometimes works them ill. The fish instinctively rises to the fly that lands him palpitating in the net. And man's intellect is sometimes led wrong in a parallel manner. Only, in the majority of cases, it is infallible, and in those few in which it proves deficient, there are grounds upon which its mistaken action can be justified or explained. Feelings, therefore, as certain qualifications of consciousness are to be trusted as natural and proper, except in so far as they cannot bear the test and scrutiny of reason itself; and in all cases they are worth just what the consciousness to which they belong is worth and no more.

Moreover, as instinct has been given to the animals for their racial and individual preservation and well-being, so feelings, on analogous grounds, can be said to have been given to man for the same purpose. And since many can not, will not, or, at any rate, do not, carefully analyze and test their consciousness and its validity, their feelings supply ample motives, and generally trustworthy ones, for their actions. As I am not now dealing with more than the intellectual feelings, it will not be necessary to draw attention particularly to the fact that these are not always acted upon when they are opposed by feelings of the sensible type. But, taken altogether, both sensible and intellectual feelings operate in creating motives towards actions in themselves normally for the good of the individual and of the human family.

Consequently, as the pain of a burn, or even the unpleasant warmth of a fire, teaches one to avoid its cause, so friendship impels him to trust his friends; and just as the deceptive wings and hackle, and not the sensible feeling, is the cause of the trout's mistake, so we discover that we have placed our confidence in a false friend, not misled by the feeling, but by the consciousness or collection of consciousnesses from which it arose. For the correction of feeling we have to apply the ordinary criteria

of sense or reason, as the case may be, that we apply as the tests of truth. But, in the meantime, until such tests are applied, the feelings or emotions impel to action with the validity which they share with perception and knowledge. Until they are found wanting and corrected they are in accordance with conscience.

Now what is the result of such a doctrine applied to the feelings upon which emotional religion is based? Are we to say with Arnold that religion is no more than *morality* touched with emotion? An initial distinction must be made between the naturally evoked feelings which result in religion and the feelings to which religion gives birth. One set of emotions brought about by the complexity of natural consciousness can and does furnish a groundwork and motive for a belief in God,¹ in personal responsibility, duty and obligation. It issues in the dictates of conscience, peremptory and, in all circumstances, to be obeyed. Another, and this is the more noticeable in connection with revealed religion, takes the new states of consciousness furnished by the former and elaborates them with new and deeper characteristic feelings by which they become motives of further action, as the new consciousnesses stimulating to further endeavour and activity.

If a man say, as many indeed do say, "I am unable to prove that there is a Being who stands to the world in the relation of Creator and Preserver, and in an especial manner and providence to mankind as Sovereign Lord, Sustainer, and Judge, yet as Friend and Father, who made me and who alone can ultimately satisfy the craving of my heart: but all this I believe because my feelings impel me to accept it as undoubtedly true," he enunciates a profound truth, acts in full accordance with his reasonable nature, and upon a rational certainty which can be substantiated by evidence. Why take exception to the fact that he has not personally sifted every shred of the evidence which has gone to produce his qualified consciousness? In the vast majority of his other beliefs, he gives his assent in precisely the same way. And simply because he does not toilsomely cast all that complex mass of consciousness into syllogisms, who will assert that the process by which he has arrived at his conclusion

¹ *The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal*. "I say that the heart loves the universal Being naturally," &c. Translated by Kegan Paul.

is irrational? If, as I have said, feelings are given as a practical and ready guide to the value of the consciousness to which they belong, who can say that we have no right to trust their guidance? And here the inference derives still further support from consensus. All men, unless betrayed by artificial feelings based upon unreasonably produced consciousness—like the fish rising to the feathered fly—trust their feelings and act upon them.

In natural religion, then, the feelings or emotions that prompt us to hold with the conviction of certainty the truth of God's existence are trustworthy indications of the nature of that consciousness, with the advent of which they come into being as the strong incentives to truth and action. They are only unreal and misleading when the substratum of consciousness is illogical. Their universal presence hints at their meaning, and a consideration of their nature and *provenance* confirms the hint. For the masses they supply for the lack of the rigid intellectual processes which require formation, leisure, and keenness of intellect. Brought to the bar of reason they bear their credentials tacitly with them, and must be passed as satisfactory. Their value is as good as that of the syllogistic conclusion. They may fail in individual cases. So may the syllogism—in matter or in form. So may the senses: so may reason.

And now to turn to revealed religion. The truths of dogma once perceived become facts of consciousness. Feeling may be, and very often is, intimately connected with them. What emotions are aroused by a contemplation of the fact of the Incarnation or of the Crucifixion! How the human heart throbs with affection when the mind meditates upon the Real Presence or that Divine love which is symbolized by the Sacred Heart! How piety and pity flow through the soul at the mention of Purgatory; humble pride and thankfulness in the thought of the indefectible Church of Christ; consolation and hope in the doctrine of the Atonement! Have these feelings, too, their warranty? Is there a place for them in the scheme? Obviously—yes. They are the seals set upon the doctrines which are part of the consciousness of the Christian soul. They spur on to the action for which that Christian soul was created, baptized, illuminated. They are trustworthy, as the other feelings are trustworthy; and they fail only, as the former, when they fail at all, by individual excess and defect. In this connection the

action of the Church is indicative of their usual and general value. It is seldom that a practice or "devotion" based upon a dogmatic truth is condemned. For the feelings raised by the facts and truths of revelation are natural and spontaneous: valuable guides to action, healthy indications of a living faith.

It is true, perhaps, that these vivid feelings are not always vouchsafed to us: that the more we allow our reason to use its measuring-rod and plummet, so much the more do the springs of feeling tend to become dry. But such a fact is hardly to be wondered at. The feeling supplies, to some extent at least, for the lack of consciously applied criteria and directly intellectual examination. But the truth is no less realized when certified by cold reason than when thrust into prominence by the emotion which it awakens. It is because the theologian and the philosopher are searching for evidence, because they deliberately exclude psychical feeling from their search, because they rely only upon the purely intellectual processes, cold, clear and abstract, that the feelings shrink more or less, sometimes altogether, into the background. There have always been in the Church as well as out of its pale these two types of mind, wide, apparently, as the poles asunder. The one lives in an atmosphere of emotional feelings, asks few questions, is troubled by fewer difficulties. Is belief wanted, there is a ready basis at hand for it: a rule for action, and it is forthcoming. The other moves in the cold and rarefied ether of conscious analysis. It is plodding and precise, fearful of error, slow of conclusion. It ever works back and forward over the same path, seeking new light, testing afresh, correcting and approving. Each type is opposed to the other, sometimes intolerant, always suspicious. The representative of the former is impatient of the restrictions which the latter wishes to enforce. He calls him a logic-chopper, a hair-splitter, and accuses him of treating man violently in that he represses one of the most important of man's characteristic psychical states and leaves it out of account in his work.

The man of reason sneers confidently at the procedure of his emotionalist friend. He reminds him that the emotions are not a faculty, that they cannot judge or even certify to their own processes. For himself, he distrusts anything that even seems to be likely to sway the balance of his judgment. Consequently the unending controversy; the ceaseless misunderstandings; the accusation that, even in the Church, there are two religions; the startling shock which the bare and meagre

statement of a dogmatic truth not infrequently brings to the pious; the impatience with which the dogmatist sometimes looks upon a popular devotion. But both have left one factor out of the problem. The consciously possessed truth and its emotion are not diverse and separate. They are the same thing; or, rather, the emotion is the natural outcome and qualification of the truth: and it is just as legitimate for the pious and the mystic to trust his feelings as for the reasoner to trust to the validity of the process by which he has reached the certain conclusion upon which they are based. And this is further exemplified by the Church in the extraordinarily careful manner in which she gives her approbation to a new "devotion." She seeks no more than to know that the devotion really is the emotional side of a dogmatic truth. Once that is clear, it is approved. One has only to refer to her treatment of such practices as the devotion to the Sacred Heart or the wearing of catenulæ as servants and slaves of our Lady to perceive the thoroughness of her action. And yet this is no more than the ordinary prudence and care exercised by an individual in formally certifying that his feeling and his consciousness are but different aspects of the same reality: and if such prudence and care is not always exercised by each one of us, it is because it is not always necessary that it should be.

For the ignorant and unlearned, the poor and humble, the meek and foolish, are in the same case as the theologian and the philosopher here: nay, if they have the consolation of religious feeling and emotion, they are in a sense in a far better and are far more blessed. The gift of tears, the flow of divine love, the refreshment of perfect hope, are their portion. The poignant sorrow of the Mother of God standing upon Calvary was a far more wonderful and even consoling grace than the mere consciousness of the soldiers who witnessed the divine tragedy. For here the things hidden from the wise and prudent are often revealed in their fulness and beauty to the babes.

FRANCIS AVELING.

Women Workers in France.

ANY book dealing with the religious and social conditions of France possesses, at the present moment, a peculiar interest. The abrogation of the Concordat, so soon to be an accomplished fact, must necessarily, whatever its ultimate consequences, involve an immediate reconstruction, not only of strictly religious organizations, but of all Catholic charitable effort. Fresh needs must somehow be met; old methods must be adapted to altered requirements. Many and various are the speculations indulged in as to the effect of this hotly debated measure on the religious life of the French nation.

Unhappily, few of us possess any sufficient data as to the internal condition of the Church in France, still less as to the practical value of the support she can still rely on from the faithful, on which to build our estimates for the future. Those who are most positive in their predictions not unfrequently appear to be those who are least well-informed concerning this admittedly complex problem, or are those who content themselves the most readily with wholly superficial explanations. When we ask ourselves what are the precise spiritual forces with which atheism and anti-clericalism will have to grapple under the altered condition of affairs a reply is not easily forthcoming, and it is because light is thrown on certain aspects at least of the question in the book before us, that it has seemed worth while to place a summary of its contents before the readers of THE MONTH.

*Initiatives Féminines*¹ is the title chosen by M. Max Turmann—himself a recognized authority on social and economic problems—for his bulky and somewhat discursive volume describing the latest developments of feminine and Catholic activity in his country. He leaves unnoticed, admirable as they may be, the merely charitable institutions of a universally accepted type. His object is rather to indicate the drift of

¹ *Initiatives Féminines*. By Max Turmann. Victor Lecoffre: price frs. 3'50.

recent Catholic effort on those broader lines suggested by the intellectual study of the conditions of life and labour among the working-classes, bringing with it a recognition of the need for moral and economic principles as a basis for the wise exercise of Christian charity. He has collected together concerning women's work a vast amount of information not otherwise easily available for foreigners, and while putting the *œuvres* he describes to the test of a modern standard in the principles of social economy, he never for an instant undervalues the spirit of self-sacrificing zeal for the love of God, which alone can render such *œuvres* fruitful. And he shows himself full of enthusiasm for what he terms the *sens social*, that enlightened understanding of the binding responsibility of citizenship—too often lacking among pious Christians—to the development of which is due the fact that so many Frenchwomen of the upper classes to-day are devoting their lives to the welfare of their poorer sisters. For all these reasons M. Turmann's book is well worthy of study.

It will be observed that the author uses the word feminine and not feminist in his title. There is, he maintains, no Catholic feminist propaganda save within very narrow limits, but there is a very active feminine movement which has been in existence some six or seven years. In other words French Catholic women do not, as yet, demand the vote, do not agitate for parliamentary reforms even where such urgent moral questions are concerned as, for instance, the *recherche de la paternité*, and they still fight shy of public speaking and of any demand for social emancipation as it has come to be understood in England and the United States. The Women's Rights agitation in France has been for some years so exclusively in the hands of women professing the most advanced socialistic and anti-Christian doctrines that it is little wonder that Catholic women have, as a rule, held rigidly aloof. None the less there is among them a very real activity on certain lines, and it will lose nothing of its ultimate success from the fact that for the present at least it confines itself largely to educative enterprises. The pioneer work on behalf of the higher education of women done by such men—to mention but the leaders—as Mgr. d'Hulst, M. Fonsegrive, and the Abbé Naudet, and such women as the Vicomtesse d'Adhémar and Mère Marie du Sacré Cœur, is to-day bearing fruit. More modern views concerning a woman's vocation in life have also penetrated from America through the writings of Archbishop Ireland and Bishop

Spalding, who both enjoy a wide popularity in France, and through books such as *La Vie Intense*, by the Abbé Klein, who gives many instructive details concerning the routine in the great girls' colleges in the States. It is undoubtedly to this gradual assimilation of a wider and nobler ideal of womanhood than that which has usually prevailed in Latin countries, that are due many of the recent philanthropic ventures that M. Turmann describes. He is far indeed from depicting French Catholic society all *couleur de rose*; he is fully conscious of the worldliness of tone and shallowness of thought that prevail in many quarters; but in the labours and the zeal of a certain number of educated Frenchwomen he sees the dawn of better things, and a guarantee for the continuation of an active Christian propaganda under the altered conditions that will soon exist. A fuller knowledge of what has already been accomplished in the face of depressing difficulties can only serve as an incentive to greater effort.

Indeed it were impossible for any one to read these pages without a genuine feeling of admiration for the remarkable business qualities that Frenchwomen bring to the cause of charity. On this point M. Turmann amply confirms all that I have been able to learn by personal study of French institutions. If Englishwomen shine by their energy and power of initiative, their French sisters are their superiors in organizing capacity and economical management. There is still a lingering impression in too many quarters in England that the Frenchwoman is essentially frivolous. Her undeniable superiority in matters of dress and in the culinary art raises a supposition in the British mind that she must be lacking in those more solid accomplishments in the possession of which we are apt to pride ourselves. A little first-hand knowledge of French domestic life, whether among the rich or the poor, quickly dispels this view, and for perfection of organization and an infinite attention to detail I know of no institutions to compare with those of France. These domestic virtues form indeed so integral a portion of French feminine character that they have survived to this day in Canada, where the French *œuvres* possess the same indefinable *cachet* of an exquisite refinement. Where these natural homely gifts of the Frenchwoman are combined, as now-a-days happily may be the case, with an intelligent understanding of life and a thorough knowledge of existing social conditions, it becomes obvious that the work accomplished may be of the highest national importance.

One of the essential principles of good work that Frenchwomen have grasped far more thoroughly, it must be admitted, than we have, is the need for the preliminary *enquête*, or full investigation into existing facts and conditions as a basis of any agitation for reform. In England we are too apt to take up work in a haphazard fashion; we pride ourselves on our scorn for rules and red-tape, and our knowledge perhaps is not always commensurate with our zeal and energy. Frenchwomen set to work in a different fashion, with extreme deliberation and method. Every society has its statutes, its rules and regulations, its object and aim, its lists of active and honorary members drawn up with detailed elaboration. Only when the framework is complete is the *œuvre* initiated. Then follow the *enquêtes préalables*. The subject is divided into sections, each section is entrusted to a competent person for full investigation, and on a given date the report is officially presented. The conclusions are framed, resolutions are proposed and adopted, and everyone sets methodically to work. Thus, to quote but one example furnished by M. Turmann, when the "Ligue Sociale des Acheteurs," which owes so much of its success to the untiring zeal of Mme. Jean Brunhes, started operations in Paris with a view to improving the conditions of labour of shop-assistants and work-girls, Mme. la Baronne Brincard was entrusted with the duty of making the inquiry in regard to *marmitons pâtisseries* or pastry-cook boys. She discovered *inter alia* that the little *marmiton* spends most of his days in an unventilated underground bakehouse, that he usually shares a miserable bed in a garret with a fellow-*marmiton*; that he never gets a chance of Sunday Mass, and that his only wages are the tips given him by his master's customers. In consequence of these revelations a strong effort is being made to improve the lot of these boys who, to make matters worse, are usually lonely little provincials sent up to the capital to make their way in the world. Other *enquêtes* organized by the "Ligue des Acheteurs," an avowedly Catholic body, have dealt with the hours of dressmakers' apprentices, the conditions of labour in laundries, and with the specially Parisian problem of the *sixième étage*, or sixth floor, where it is customary for all the servants, male and female, of a large block of flats to find sleeping accommodation under conditions which make neither for decency nor morality. For all these classes of workers the "Ligue Sociale des Acheteurs" is striving to introduce improved conditions of service, and the

most gratifying feature of their propaganda is that they hold responsible for the existing evils not only employers but the general public. In a word they are cultivating the Catholic social conscience so that it shall no longer be possible for pious and professing Catholics to show themselves criminally indifferent to the moral and economic welfare of those from whose labour they profit. When it is remembered that Sunday rest is but very partially observed in Paris, and that our Saturday half-holiday for the working-classes is wholly unknown and "early closing" once a week a thing undreamt-of, it is obvious that there is a wide field for the beneficent activities of the League.

The thoroughness which distinguishes the best French charitable effort finds further illustration in the ingenuity with which a whole scheme of social amelioration is thought out and so organized as to leave but small loopholes for failure. The modern French social student has realized that spasmodic and isolated charity—the bugbear of our own Charity Organization Society—must often fail in its purpose, and at best entails much waste of energy. A good example of what may be achieved by a carefully thought-out scheme of connected and interdependent efforts may be seen in what is known familiarly as "*L'Œuvre de Plaisance*" from the slum-quarter of Paris in which it carries on its kindly operations. Founded some three years ago by Mdlle. Chaptal, under the medical supervision of Dr. Ancelet, and disposing of a regular income of scarcely £500 a year, the *œuvre* embraces a whole network of activities, carried on by voluntary labour and designed to assist the impoverished mothers and babies of the district. Every town possesses in one form or another lying-in hospitals, district nurses, *crèches*, and what not. It has been Mdlle. Chaptal's aim to link together all existing agencies of this nature, and to provide such as were lacking, and so to transform the help that is usually forthcoming only in an unreliable, temporary, and inadequate fashion, into an intelligent anticipation of actual needs and a continuous influence for good, both material and moral, in the lives of the very poor. The "*Œuvre de Plaisance*" starts its beneficent functions even before the birth of the baby, the prospective mother receiving free medical attendance, and where desirable, supplies of strengthening food, while once a week she is invited to attend a lecture at which simple instructions on hygiene and motherhood are given. For the actual confinement all necessary help is forthcoming,

and in order that every domestic emergency should be provided against, Mdle. Chaptal has trained a number of trustworthy elderly women to act, not as midwives, but as temporary mothers' helps, giving them a sound knowledge of elementary hygiene and the care of infants. There is, it need hardly be said, a department for supplying *layettes*; another for distributing good food to the mother, and, if needful, pure milk for the baby; yet another for procuring light home-work for the women until such time as they may be fit to return to the factory. Every baby whose needs are thus provided for has to be brought once a week to the local dispensary to be weighed and examined, and, where necessary, prescribed for; days in the country are arranged for mothers and children who are sickly; and finally, that no family should be beyond the range of the Society's activity Mdle. Chaptal has acquired two large blocks of workmen's dwellings, the sets of rooms in which she reserves exclusively for families with four children and upwards. Every one knows, in London as in Paris, how unpopular the father of a large family is with the careful landlord, and to what bitter straits the parents of many children are often driven, so that the death of a baby frequently comes as a positive boon. And yet surely it is contrary to all canons of morality that it should be so. In France, owing to the ever-diminishing birth-rate, the national need for the protection of childhood is more acute than in England; on the other hand the prevalence of large families among our working-classes causes the problem of over-crowding and under-feeding to be spread over a far larger area than in Paris, and some of our public bodies and millionaire philanthropists might do worse than consider the plight of the father of half-a-dozen children, driven from pillar to post in a vain search for lodgings. This, however, is by the way. I have written somewhat lengthily about "L'Œuvre de Plaisance" because it is one of the most successful of recent social experiments, and as French social workers have paid us the compliment of copying our "settlements," so we might learn from them in the urgent problem of reducing our infant death-rate.

If many new forms of philanthropy are being started by Catholics, it would appear that good old-fashioned methods are not therefore neglected. M. Turmann tells us that a great impetus has been given of late years to Sunday schools or *catéchismes*. The children from the secular schools are collected

on Thursday and Sunday under the supervision of the parish priest and taught their religion by voluntary workers. In Paris alone three thousand ladies instruct weekly some thirty-three thousand children. The day may not be far distant when we in England shall have to make use of similar methods, and it is to be hoped that when the appeal is made the response from educated women will be as generous.

If we inquire into the leading characteristics of the many forms of Catholic activity that M. Turmann marshals before his readers, it will be seen at once that there runs through them all one prevailing tendency: the effort to build up and strengthen the domestic life of the nation. The French social worker has realized that the family, and not the individual, is the unit to treat with, and so everything is done to uphold the sanctity of marriage, to keep the wife and mother as far as possible by her own fireside, to protect the family life of the artisan from the encroaching demands of our industrial system. Hence the remarkable activity of Catholics in favour of *écoles ménagères*, *caisses dotales*, *assistance maternelle*, and so forth, undertaken not with a view to providing women with an independent career, but in order to fit her for the better performance of her duties in the home. So, too, the revival of lace-making, so much encouraged by Catholic ladies in France and Belgium, possesses the special advantage of keeping girls at work in their native villages instead of their being compelled to seek a livelihood in the towns. The movement in favour of "Jardins Ouvriers" has, partly at least, a similar aim: all the members of a family can help to cultivate the allotment, and the level of family comfort is raised. In the "Union Familiale de Charenton," which includes in its activities classes and clubs for young people, Mdle. Gahéry, the foundress, has made a special feature of interesting the parents in all that is being done for their children. Once a month fathers and mothers meet in conclave, listen to a practical paper on some educational theme, and discuss among themselves the best methods of bringing up sons and daughters.

The importance of these considerations from a Catholic standpoint can scarcely be exaggerated. For we all know how intimately connected are the religious and the family life of a people, and how everything that tends to destroy the sanctity of family life and loosen the bonds that unite parents and children is directly contrary to Christian ethics. It is one of the most hopeful signs about Catholic social work in France

that the importance of this truth has been so fully grasped, and one could wish the same might be said of social work in England. Even Catholics would seem to have fallen to some extent at least under the influence of non-Catholic philanthropic principles, and to allow their attention to be focussed too exclusively on the immediate material gain to the individual without sufficient regard to wider moral considerations. No country professes to place so high a value on home-life as England, yet the direct tendency of much of our benevolent interference in the affairs of our neighbours is to weaken family ties and break down parental responsibility. If we could only realize that in nine cases out of ten parental care and normal home life are better for a child than the most hygienic institution in the world! Poor-law guardians are often genuinely shocked at the callousness displayed by grown-up sons and daughters concerning their parents' welfare. They ignore the fact that Boards of Guardians are the worst sinners of all in respect to the overriding of parental rights, more especially in regard to the children of widows whom they force into the workhouse schools instead of leaving them with their mother on a rational system of out-relief, and the effects they deplore are in great measure the harvest of their own sowing. More and more in England married women are encouraged to go out to work; more and more children are removed from their parents' control on one pretext or another; the sick are hurried off to hospitals and infirmaries, the old are admitted to the workhouse, and all in the name of public hygiene or improved material conditions. The Charity Organization Society is a bad offender in this respect. Its members too often appear to assume that a mother is the least-fitted person to have charge of her own children, and no inconsiderable portion of their well-meant efforts at dealing with poverty consists in breaking up the homes of widows, boarding the children out, and placing the mother in service instead of keeping the home together, and helping the widow to retain her children round her.

Considerations such as these are, however, too wide-reaching to be properly discussed on the last page of an article, and lead one too far away from M. Turmann's suggestive volume. It is not the least bewildering feature of the existing religious crisis in France, that side by side with the lamentable indifference that has invaded so many parishes, and the fanatical hatred of Catholicism that reigns in so many hearts, there has

been this remarkable development of practical Christianity in relation to the social and industrial conditions of our time. Catholic *œuvres* of all kinds multiply year by year, and cover an ever wider field. Catholic men and women realize in greater numbers and in a far more comprehensive spirit than before the Christian obligation of social service. These are the hopeful signs in a situation that, regarded from every other point of view, fills one with foreboding. The contradiction seems flagrant and defies satisfactory explanation. Yet, as long as even a minority of the nation continues to prove itself possessed of qualities of the soul worthy of the eldest daughter of the Church, one can wait with comparative patience the outcome of the next turn in the political wheel of fortune.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

A Queen and her Friends.

PART III.

As long as her children lived with her, there was an element of brightness in the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena. In spite of her financial difficulties and political anxieties, of her failing health and precarious position, she was happy in her children's affection.

But the death of Princess Louise in 1712, and the exile of the "Chevalier," who, in consequence of the Treaty of Utrecht, had to leave France, brought the Queen a sense of isolation that made her turn more wistfully to the peaceful cloisters of Chaillot.

A feeling of duty bound her to St. Germain, where the Jacobite refugees claimed her assistance and sympathy, but the melancholy palace, haunted by memories of those whom she had loved and lost, was a less congenial retreat than the convent on the banks of the Seine, where she was soothed by the affectionate attentions of the nuns, and by the religious exercises that filled up her day. It speaks well for the loveable qualities and moral worth of the lonely Queen that she was never forgotten or neglected by the Princes and Princesses of the French Court, even when her son's fortunes were at the lowest point and when she herself was old and poor.

With the simple-heartedness that was a striking trait in her character, she was often genuinely surprised to find herself remembered. Madame de Maintenon sent her game "that had been hunted by the King," and boxes of oranges; the sharp-tongued Elizabeth,¹ Duchess of Orleans, the Princess de Condé, the Duchess de Berry, M. and Mme. de Beauvilliers, Fénelon's

¹ Elizabeth Charlotte, Princess Palatine, second wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., and mother of the Regent. Philip's first wife was Henrietta Stuart, James II.'s youngest sister. The Duchess of Lorraine, who hospitably received the Chevalier St. Georges when he was banished from France, was the daughter of Philip of Orleans by his second wife, the Palatine.

excellent and faithful correspondents; the Duc de Lauzun, the erratic but constant friend of the exiled Stuarts, and his young wife; the Duchess of Berwick, who had grown up at St. Germain with the Princess Louise, these, and many others, found their way to the peaceful convent on the heights of Chaillot.

Once came an Italian, Cardinal Gualterio,¹ at whose sight the Queen was so moved that she alternately laughed and cried with pleasure; another time, an English merchant, a Quaker, whose visit created a sensation among the nuns. This *cocquere*, as the Chaillot annalist calls him, informed Mary Beatrice that the Holy Spirit had revealed to him important matters, which he was to communicate to her son. The simple nuns seemed inclined to look upon the Quaker as a dangerous character, but at their evening recreation the Queen explained to them that among the members of the sect were many worthy people, and, for the benefit of her uninitiated listeners, she enlarged upon the manners and customs of the Quakers, praising them for their honesty in business. She laughed heartily, however, at her visitor's revelations: "I am as real a prophet as Daniel," he said to her, "though not such a great one." Deeply religious though she was, Mary Beatrice had not that love for the marvellous commonly attributed to her country people. She confessed that both she and her son disliked *diseurs d'horoscopes, révélations et extases*.

One of her Italian ladies, Madame Molza, reminded her that her mother, "Madame de Modène," had been to see an *estaticé*. "It is true," rejoined the Queen, "that my mother delighted in seeing extraordinary things; as for me, I cannot bear them, and would go far out of my way to avoid them."

Another somewhat unexpected feature—revealed in the royal widow's familiar conversations with her friends—is her good sense and moderation with regard to the religious prospects of English Catholics, in the event of her son's restoration to the throne of his ancestors. She often said that all he hoped to accomplish was to give the Catholics full liberty to practise their faith, but that he did not expect to change the religion

¹ Cardinal Gualterio had been Nuncio at Paris, where, says St. Simon, "he made many friends." He returned again to France on a visit: "Il fut extrêmement fêté de tout le monde avec l'empressement le plus distingué. Il ne quitta la cour que pour aller en Lorraine visiter le Roi d'Angleterre." (St. Simon, v. 10, p. 389.)

of the country. Nothing in fact could be more temperate and practical than the Queen's views on the subject.

The Quaker was evidently pleased with the gracious reception he had received at the convent, and he returned to see Mary Beatrice on his way back from Bar, where he had found the Chevalier. His second visit coincided with that of Cardinal Gualterio, and it must have needed all the feminine tact of the royal recluse to establish easy relations between the Italian prelate and the English *cocquere*. The Queen's desire to please her English visitors is but one instance of her enduring love for the people over whom she had reigned; a love that the trials she had suffered in England were unable to destroy.

Her partiality for everything English is a touching trait in her character. She candidly owned to the nuns that she knew that many of the English were not saints, yet she indignantly protested when the keepers of the forest of St. Germain accused them of poaching on the French King's preserves. The Queen's patriotic sentiments must have received a shock when a priest from St. Germain to whom she appealed, answered: "Alas! madame, it is the chief sin of your nation. I believe that if I were dressed in hare skin they would even poach me."

From time to time the Queen broke the monotony of her life at Chaillot by paying a few visits. She occasionally went to Versailles, and the Sister's diary describes her soothing by her affectionate ministrations the saddened and infirm old age of the once brilliant "Roi Soleil."

The popularity that she had won, many years before, at the most fastidious Court of Europe had not diminished, and her English attendants, when they returned to Chaillot, used to tell the sympathizing nuns how their royal mistress charmed, not only the princesses, but also their ladies in waiting, by her graciousness, kindness, and courtesy.

Several convents and monasteries in Paris were occasionally visited by Mary Beatrice during the many weeks she spent at Chaillot. Her favourite pilgrimage was to the English Benedictine monks of the Faubourg St. Jacques, where the unburied coffins of James II. and Princess Louise lay under a royal canopy, waiting for removal to Westminster. In the same street were the French Ursulines, where several young English girls were educated. One of these, Louisa Plowden, wept bitterly on one occasion when she discovered that her mother, Mrs. Plowden, was not in the Queen's train. Close by, behind

the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, was the Scotch College, where the brains of King James were interred, and, a few steps beyond, the English Augustinian nuns.

Sometimes the Queen was more enterprising; once, for instance, she drove to the "Mont Valérien," the well-known fort that rises above Suresnes. It was then a much frequented place of pilgrimage, and on her return Mary Beatrice gave the community an account of the church, which was full of tombs and inscriptions, and of the hermits who lived on the hill. Another day she took a long walk in the Bois de Boulogne, which she found "very solitary;" once she visited the Abbey of Longchamps, where the Abbess offered her a "collation."

A more mundane visit was paid by the exiled Queen to the Princess de Condé, whose newly furnished palace, the "Petit Luxembourg," was one of the sights of the day. The Chaillot diary gives us a lengthy description of the mirrors, crystals, mosaics, embroideries, and other *colifichets* that filled the house. Through the eyes of their royal guest the nuns had occasional glimpses of the world and its pomp, and Mary Beatrice evidently did her best to contribute to the amusement of the community by her lively descriptions of all she saw.

A seventeenth century edition of a "lift" seems to have excited the interest of the simple-minded Sisters; it was:

a seat arranged with pulleys in such a manner that being seated in an arm-chair, one finds oneself, by holding a rope, lifted to the top of the house and then let down to the garden.

The "pauvre Reine d'Angleterre," as our Queen was affectionately called by the people of Paris, was a well known and familiar figure among those who, for nearly thirty years, saw her go to and fro on her pious pilgrimages or visits of ceremony. She met with respect and sympathy from high and low, and her many trials endeared her still more closely to the land of her exile. Her children were equally popular; the Princess Louise used to say, that the French people looked upon her and the Chevalier with a sense of possession, and said when they met them, "Those are our own children."

The magnificence of the Princess de Condé's palatial home presented a striking contrast to the increasing penury of the fallen Queen of Great Britain. The Chaillot diary abounds in pathetic instances of her self-denial; she was pursued by the remembrance of the faithful dependants who were suffering for

the cause of her son, and her conscientiousness made her strain every nerve in order to assist them.

The nuns once found her much perplexed as to whether she might buy some *gros de Tours* to refurnish her rooms at the convent; they ventured to remark that her Majesty reminded them of St. Thomas of Villanova,

who quarrelled with his shoemaker because his shoes were too expensive, but who, when one of the shoemaker's daughters was about to marry, gave her three hundred reals; thus your Majesty is parsimonious for herself and prodigal for others.

The Queen smiled and answered: "It is true that I do not quarrel about my shoes, but I spend as little as I can." She then told them that in England she had a pair of new shoes every week, and a pair of gloves every other day.

Monsieur de Lauzun [she continued] with his exaggerated expressions once said to the King, speaking of me: Sire, she has not even shoes to her feet. The terms were exaggerated, but it is quite true that the ribbons of these fine shoes are carefully mended.

And the Queen laughingly showed her mended shoes. The nuns rejoined that her Majesty was so accustomed to deprive herself of every pleasure, that even if she recovered her rank and fortune she would hardly know how to enjoy these advantages.

That is true [replied Mary Beatrice] my poor daughter used often to say we lead such a miserable life [*une vie si gueuse*] that if one day we are happier, we shall not know how to make use of our good fortune.

The name of this beloved child was often on the lips of the Queen; in her frequent illnesses she missed the Princess' tender care, and one day when some one remarked in her presence that the love of children for their parents is inferior to that of parents for their children, she exclaimed: "That I never could understand; I loved my mother passionately, and I am sure that my poor daughter loved me as much as I loved her."

To the end of her life Mary Beatrice retained the simplicity of heart that had characterized her in the days of her youth; her high standard of duty made her as severe to herself as she was indulgent towards others, but with child-like humility she talked over her scruples with her friends. Once she told them that she bitterly regretted not having given more away in charity during her years of prosperity. "I see by experience,"

she added, "that many things that were thought necessary are not really so." The nuns answered that the time of her prosperity had, after all, been very short, and that her conduct had always been exemplary, although she was young and fond of pleasure—*qu'elle aimait la joie*.

Another time she confided to them that in England she had often been troubled because, in compliance with the King's desires, she put on rouge, and that she could not help laughing when she remembered how a Capuchin monk, Father Seraphim, once said to her: "Madame, I would prefer seeing you green and yellow, rather than see your Majesty put on rouge."

In spite of her failing health, her poverty, and her loneliness, Mary Beatrice had occasional gleams of child-like gaiety. The Princess Palatine tells us that she was always merry, and the Chaillot Sister relates that on one occasion the nuns found the Queen laughing so much, "that she could hardly speak." She informed them that she had just discovered that Mdlle. de la Motte, who once lived in the convent and whom the nuns believed to be an old maid, was a married woman, the wife of a Gascon gentleman, but that their marriage had been kept secret for twenty-three years. The diary does not further explain an incident that caused the Queen so much merriment, but it tells us that the next day Mary Beatrice regretted having repeated this piece of gossip. She begged the nuns not to mention it, and, to quiet her conscience, had a number of Masses said for the lady in question!

Another time the Queen walked out with the community in the convent garden; she walked quickly, without fatigue, and on her return she inquired from the Sister, "who had the honour of holding her hand," if she was tired. The nun, wishing to combine truth with politeness, answered vaguely that there were moments in which one felt less strong than in others. "You answer as we do in Italy," said the Queen, laughing; "if you ask a man whether he is hungry, he will not say 'Yes'; he says that he might manage to eat more."

As the life of Mary Beatrice approached its goal, her soul became infused with an inward peace, which was, we may believe, the reward of her brave acceptance of suffering, the heaven-sent answer to her earnest prayers for resignation. This serenity was independent of outward events, which were, on the contrary, calculated to agitate and disquiet her sensitive spirit.

In the summer of 1714, Queen Anne, whose health had

long been failing, became dangerously ill, and around her sick-bed the rival factions of Whigs and Tories fiercely struggled for supremacy. She seems herself, during the latter part of her life, to have been torn by conflicting feelings; now haunted by remorseful visions of her exiled brother, then, yielding to the pressure of the Protestant party, and allowing a price to be set on the head of the "Pretender."

At the end of July, 1714, she was stricken with apoplexy, and the Whigs, who advocated the claims of the German Elector, began to take active measures for the proclamation of Prince George in the event of the Queen's death. Anne lay for many days in a speechless condition; before breathing her last she seemed, at intervals, to recover consciousness, and was heard to murmur: "My poor brother! my poor brother!" But whatever repentant thoughts may have flashed through the dying Queen's enfeebled intelligence, it was now too late to atone for the injustice to which she had lent herself, when her weakness of character condoned and confirmed her sister's usurpation.

Owing to the prompt and energetic measures that were taken by the dead Sovereign's Whig advisers, George I., Elector of Hanover, a foreigner by birth, education and language, was, without difficulty, proclaimed King of Great Britain. The news only reached Bar a few days later and the Chevalier St. Georges, although prohibited from entering France, hastened secretly to confer with his mother. The Duke de Lauzun, the faithful and devoted friend of the exiled Stuarts, arranged a meeting between the Queen and her son at Chaillot, where they were less likely to excite attention than at St. Germain; nevertheless news of the Prince's journey reached Louis XIV., who, through his Minister, Torcy, expressed his wish that the Chevalier should immediately leave France.

It is difficult to say what turn public events might have taken if, when Queen Anne breathed her last, James had been actually on the spot, ready to claim his rightful inheritance. It is possible that in Scotland, where the Stuarts were still popular, a move in his favour might have been attempted; all the more so, as except with a small but powerful minority, the prospect of a German Sovereign was decidedly unwelcome.

But at this important crisis of his history, James had neither men nor money at his disposal; all he could do was to publish a proclamation setting forth his claims to the throne. This

manifesto excited partial manifestations in his favour, and in Scotland on the anniversary of his birth, June 10, his health was publicly drunk as James III.

In the course of that same month of June, 1715, Mary Beatrice went to meet her son at Plombières, which then belonged to Lorraine. She even continued her journey as far as Bar, in order to visit the Duke and Duchess, the Chevalier's kind hosts. Unfortunately, we have no diary of this, the last journey undertaken by our Queen. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, whose fluent, though incorrect, pen kept the nuns informed of the royal traveller's slightest movements during her trip to Bourbon, either did not accompany Mary Beatrice, or else her lively letters, so full of affectionate loyalty and vivacious gossip, have unfortunately disappeared.

The Chaillot Sister tells us that the Chevalier was extremely popular at Bar, and she relates the following anecdote to show how he gained the favour of the dowagers of the little Court. Having noticed, at a certain ball, that the elderly ladies, who were longing to dance, did not venture to do so because the Duchess herself had not joined in the revels, he gallantly begged his hostess to dance with him, to which she agreed. This gave the ladies courage; they gladly followed their Sovereign's example, and blessed the exiled prince for his well-timed invitation.

Almost immediately on her return from Plombières, Mary Beatrice lost her friend and benefactor, Louis XIV. In a political point of view, he had been able to do little for the exiled Stuarts, whose interests were in his eyes, naturally subservient to those of his Government, but, in his personal dealings with James II. and the Queen, he had proved himself a kind and generous kinsman. His affection for Mary Beatrice was genuine; out of consideration for her prayers, he had once violated the treaty of Ryswick by recognizing her son as King of Great Britain; now, on his death-bed, in spite of the treaty of Utrecht, he consented to write to his grandson, the King of Spain, on behalf of the Chevalier, whom he promised to assist with men and money in case of another expedition to England.

On September 1st, 1715, Louis XIV. breathed his last in the gorgeous state bed, which is, even now, one of the sights of Versailles. The Christian courage and submission that marked his end go a long way towards redeeming the many blemishes of his private life; yet, in a political point of view, it cannot be

denied that this most omnipotent of rulers is partly responsible for the social upheaval of 1789.

Mary Beatrice felt his loss keenly: his affectionate generosity had never failed her, even when his politics were detrimental to the cause of her son. The Chaillot papers describe her sympathy with his unacknowledged widow, Madame de Maintenon, who, in her days of prosperity, had frequently advocated the interests of the English exiles. When the two widows met at Chaillot, both wept bitterly, and, after Madame de Maintenon's departure, Mary Beatrice spoke to the nuns in warm praise of one whose somewhat inscrutable character has been the subject of much discussion, but whom she always held in high esteem.

At the very time when the death of Louis XIV. deprived her of her most powerful friend, the unfortunate Queen was suffering from keen anxiety on the subject of her son. The disaffected Scottish lords had resolved to make another attempt in favour of James III., who, before sailing for Scotland, again came to Paris in secret. He visited his mother at Chaillot, and, if we may believe the *Memoirs of St. Simon* and of the Marquise de Crequy, narrowly escaped being kidnapped by the emissaries of the English Government at Nonancourt, a lonely village beyond Versailles. He succeeded, however, owing to the timely intervention of the Nonancourt post-mistress, in escaping from his enemies, and made his way to the coast in safety.

At the end of December, 1715, James landed in Scotland. He was tall, slight, and melancholy in appearance, somewhat cold and indifferent, and he seems to have lacked the charm of manner that made his son, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," so popular thirty years later.

It would carry us too far beyond the limits of this paper to enter into the details of the unfortunate expedition that cost so many brave men their lives, and caused our Queen many sleepless nights and anxious days. She seems to have endured the suspense with a courage and patience truly heroic.

In the Chaillot collection, there are many letters written to the nuns by Lady Sophia Bulkeley, whom her royal mistress had commissioned to keep her friends informed of her son's proceedings. Lady Sophia's curious French had not improved after thirty years' residence at St. Germain, but her warm heart and lively imagination lend a genuine charm to her confused and ungrammatical effusions. At first, she firmly believes in

the Chevalier's success, and describes, in glowing terms, how his Scottish subjects crowded round him to kiss his hands; but, alas! these fair hopes were doomed to disappointment, and in February, all chance of success being at an end, James unwillingly returned to France. He hastened to pay his mother a secret visit, and her disappointment at his failure was, we may believe, more than compensated by her happiness at seeing him safe.

It is easy to gather from Lady Sophia's letters to Chaillot that the Queen was suffering cruelly from the intense mental strain of long weeks of suspense, during which, knowing that her child was engaged in a desperate undertaking, she lived only for the fragments of news that reached her from Scotland. Even after his safe return, it is Lady Sophia who writes in her name to the nuns at Chaillot; she informs them of the severe penalties issued against the Jacobites, of Lord Nithsdale's happy escape and Lord Derwentwater's tragic death; speaking of the Queen, she says:

The deaths of the Earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure have grieved her much. Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first. If it were translated into French, I would send it to you.

The recent events in Scotland cast a heavy shadow over the little colony at St. Germain, where nearly every family had one or more relative engaged in the Jacobite cause; even Lady Sophia's bright spirit seems depressed: "I have hardly courage to write to you," she says; her son who was in the Prince's train narrowly escaped with his life, and the Queen surrounded by anxious and mourning hearts, felt the sorrows of her faithful dependants as keenly as her own.

The immediate consequence of the unlucky rising of 1715 was to oblige the Chevalier to leave the hospitable Court of Lorraine; he sought an asylum in the Pope's dominions at Avignon, and the English Government endeavoured to expel his mother from St. Germain.

However, the Regent of France resisted the pressure exercised upon him; Mary Beatrice was allowed to remain in what to her was now a home of thirty years' standing, hallowed by memories of her beloved dead.

There, she served as a link between her absent son and his friends over the water; his interests were the one object that still bound her to the world, and she strove to promote them by

all the means in her power, now negotiating his marriage, now writing in his behalf to Charles XII. of Sweden, who seemed inclined to help his cause.

In the summer of 1717 she visited Chaillot for the last time ;¹ the winter passed drearily enough, and in the spring the disease from which she had suffered for so many years—cancer in the breast—broke out with renewed violence. In April, 1718, she became dangerously ill, but recovered sufficiently to be able to go on the 1st of May to the parish church of St. Germain. It was the feast of St. James, patron of the late King, and the royal widow remained on her knees for a long time ; towards evening she walked on the terrace, where, in years gone by, her children and their young friends had played around her, and where her eyes rested on the glorious view, with which, in the minds of English tourists, the memory of the exiled Stuarts is for ever connected.

That same night she had a relapse, and on the 6th of May she asked to receive the last sacraments. Her patience, submission, and sweet serenity were touching to witness ; long years of constant effort had calmed and purified the once high spirit and over-sensitive heart ; even that last trial, the absence of her son, was accepted without a murmur.

In a clear voice, she begged pardon of those whom she had offended and freely forgave those who had sinned against her ; then thanking her attendants for their faithful service, she asked their prayers for the " King, her son ; " twice she repeated this earnest request, after which she spoke no more.

The dying Queen's room was filled all through the night with English, Scotch, and Irish refugees ; more than fifty

¹ The Queen's most intimate friends among the nuns died before her. The best beloved, to whom most of her letters are addressed, Sister Françoise Angélique Priolo, died the 31st of March, 1710. She had been Superioress of the Monastery from 1673 to 1679 ; from 1682 to 1685 ; and again from 1691 to 1695. Claire-Angélique de Beauvais, another friend of the Queen's, was Superioress from 1695 to 1703, and from 1706 till the year of her death, 1709. Marie Constance Gobert, to whom a certain number of letters are written, was Superioress from 1703 to 1706, when she died. A Scotch nun, whom Mary Beatrice occasionally mentions, was Sister Marie Paule, who died in 1710 ; she was known in the world as Lady Henrietta Douglas, and was daughter to Lord Dumbarton. Another Religious with whom the Queen was on intimate terms, was Sister Louise-Gabrielle de Lorges, daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges, one of the benefactors of the convent and sister-in-law of the Stuarts' faithful friend Lauzun. Mary Beatrice gave her the veil on March 1, 1703 ; she eventually became Superioress, and died in 1763. At the time of the Queen's death the Superioress of Chaillot was Anne Charlotte Bochart de Saron.

people surrounded her bed and joined in the prayers that were said aloud. Nearest to her stood, we may believe, the faithful friends who for long years had shared her life ; Lady Middleton, Lady Sophia Bulkeley, Mrs. Plowden, and one or two Italians, who half a century before had accompanied the Duke of York's child-bride on her journey to England.¹

The Queen lay silent, but fully conscious of the prayers that alone broke the solemn silence of the chamber of death ; towards eight in the morning of the 7th of May the end came, the weary spirit and loving heart of Mary Beatrice of Modena were at rest for ever.

The nuns of Chaillot sent their royal friend a habit of the Order, and clad as a daughter of St. Francis of Sales, the Queen of Great Britain was laid in her coffin. According to her directions, her brains were deposited, like those of the King, in the chapel of the Scotch College ; her heart was bequeathed to Chaillot, and her body was to repose unburied in the convent chapel until it could be removed, with those of her husband and daughter, to Westminster Abbey.

On the 9th of May, the royal remains were removed to Chaillot, where, with loving tears and prayers, the nuns received the last visit of one who, during so many years, had found rest and consolation within their convent walls. The funeral was, by order of the Regent, conducted with all the ceremony due to the Queen's high rank and close relationship to the royal family of France, but without the vain pomp that Mary Beatrice would have been the first to reprove. Lord Middleton,²

¹ Catherine Brudenell, Countess of Middleton, died at St. Germain, in 1743, at the age of ninety-five ; her body and those of her husband and sons are buried in the parish church. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was a Stuart by birth, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan. Her husband, Henry Bulkeley, was attached to the King's household ; their eldest daughter Charlotte, married first, Lord O'Brien Clare and secondly, Daniel O'Mahony, Count of Castille, in the service of the King of Spain ; their younger daughter, Anne, became the second wife of the Duke of Berwick, and several of her thirteen children were born at St. Germain. Mary Stafford was the daughter of the Honourable John Stafford Howard, Viscount Stafford, beheaded in 1678, and sister to John Paul, last Earl of Stafford, who died in 1762. She married Francis Plowden, of the old Shropshire family of that name, Comptroller of the household of King James II. ; their three children were born at St. Germain. Mrs. Plowden is frequently mentioned in the Chaillot diary as accompanying her royal mistress to the convent. Of her children, Francis became a secular priest, and lived and died in Paris ; Mary married Sir George Jerningham, and carried the Stafford title in her issue to the Jerningham family ; Louise remained unmarried.

² Charles, Earl of Middleton and Monmouth, Minister and Secretary to the Queen, died at St. Germain, August 8th, 1719, at the age of 69, and is buried in the parish church.

Mr. Dicconson,¹ Count Molza,² Lord Caryll,³ Mr. Nugent,⁴ Mr. Crane,⁵ and Father Gaillard accompanied the funeral procession. More striking than any display of external splendour was the sincere tribute of respect, sympathy, and admiration paid to the Queen of Great Britain by the French Court.

The Duchess of Orleans, whose coarse and bitter pen is unsparing in its criticisms of her contemporaries, writes with heartfelt sorrow to her German relations :

The good, pious, and virtuous Queen of England died at St Germain yesterday morning about seven o'clock. She must be in Heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life did wrong to any one. If you were going to tell her a story of anybody, she used to say : " If it is anything wrong, I beg you not to tell it to me. I do not like stories that injure reputations."⁶

St. Simon is no less emphatic in his praise of one whose moral worth and patient dignity were likewise recognized and admired by the dissolute courtiers of the Regency.

With the generous thoughtfulness which led her, in life, to share all she possessed with her faithful dependants, Mary Beatrice, on her death-bed, remembered those who had sacrificed their homes and their fortunes for her husband and her son. Through the Marshal de Villeroi, whom she summoned to her side, she commended the English Jacobites to the care of the Regent, and earnestly begged him to provide for them.

Be it said to the credit of Philip of Orleans, he fully granted her request. Louis XV., on reaching manhood, tacitly ratified his uncle's promise, and so it came to pass that until the French Revolution, a colony of British exiles continued to inhabit the palace of St. Germain. They lived, surrounded by memories of the royal lady, who had wept, prayed, and endured within

¹ William Dicconson, Comptroller of the Queen's Household, died at St. Germain, November 14th, 1744, at the age of 88 ; his wife, Juliana Walmsley, died in 1751.

² Charles, Count Molza, Equerry to the Queen, was married to Veronica Angelotti, who, when a bride of seventeen, had accompanied Mary Beatrice to England. Four of their children, Maria, Teresa, Veronica, and Marie, were born and baptized at St. Germain.

³ John Caryll was nephew of Lord Caryll, the Queen's Secretary of State and faithful friend, who had died at St. Germain in 1711.

⁴ John Nugent, Equerry to the Queen, married Margaret Molza, a daughter of Mary Beatrice's Italian attendant ; their eight children were born and baptized at St. Germain.

⁵ William Crane, Equerry to the Queen, married at St. Germain Elizabeth Bromer, and died in 1729.

⁶ *Correspondance de Madame, Duchesse d'Orléans*, vol. i. pp. 401, 406.

the old walls. According to a well-authenticated tradition, the room where she breathed her last was kept up with scrupulous care, and her toilet table, with the silver ornaments given to her by Louis XIV., was laid out, as if ready for her return.

Among the last inmates of the palace were two venerable maiden ladies, Miss Dillon¹ and Miss Plowden.² Their elder sisters were the "nymphs of St. Germain," of whom the poet-courtier Hamilton had sung; the "divinities" who had wandered through the forest glades with the Princess Louise, and danced merrily with the uncrowned King of England in the informal gatherings that made the solemn old palace ring with mirth, before death carried off the Queen's youngest child.

Nothing now remains in the Château of St. Germain to remind the English tourist of the royal exiles who made it their home. It was pillaged at the Revolution; then it became a penitentiary; finally it was rebuilt. It is now a museum, and only by a strong effort of imagination can we conjure up in the altered atmosphere of the present, the dramatic visions of the past. Opposite the chief entrance, the spot where on a September afternoon, two hundred years ago, James III. was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, stands the parish church, in whose vaults many faithful Jacobites, whom their loyalty made homeless, were laid to rest. After the Revolution, the church was partially rebuilt; Queen Victoria, in 1857, contributed to the decoration of the chapel where stands the white marble monument erected by the Prince Regent to the memory of the last Stuart King.³ The gardens of the Château have been somewhat disfigured by the railway station, but the terrace and its glorious view is a thing of beauty still, the prospect is much the same as when the exiled sovereigns paced up and down the broad alleys, only there are more houses on the banks of the Seine and the hideous

¹ Mary Dillon, daughter of the Hon. Arthur Dillon, first Colonel of the Regiment of Dillon, in the service of France, and of Catherine Sheldon. Mary Dillon was born at St. Germain in 1714, the youngest of a family of ten children; she died in the same palace in 1785, just before the French Revolution dispersed the British colony.

² Louisa Mary Plowden, daughter of Francis Plowden, Comptroller of the Household of James II., and of the Hon. Mary Stafford, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, was born at St. Germain in 1705. The Princess Louise, aged thirteen, was her godmother. Louisa Plowden was driven from St. Germain by the Revolution, and died in England.

³ *Jacques II. Stuart, sa famille et les Jacobites à St. Germain en Laye.* Par J. Dulon, 1897.

Eiffel Tower rises against the sky, above the heights of Chaillot, that haven of rest towards which, in times of depression, the Queen's dark eyes turned with wistful longing.

Of the Paris convents and colleges connected with the exiled Stuarts the Scotch College¹ remains externally untouched. It stands in the heart of the *quartier latin*, behind the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, where the Shrine of St. Geneviève still attracts the people of Paris, a large old-fashioned looking building, with high pitched roof, that contrasts curiously enough with the modern *maisons de rapport* of the gay capital. But although it is still Scotch property, it has been let to a French professor, and is known as the *Institution Chevalier*. A portion of the chapel, dedicated to St. Andrew, has been turned into a parlour where the pupils receive their friends, and it is unfortunately in this part that stands, half concealed by chairs, the marble monument erected by the Duke of Perth,² to the memory of his old master. Against the walls are placed marble tablets, with inscriptions commemorating noble friends and benefactors of the College, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, George Hamilton of Abercorn, Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, Viceroy of Ireland, and others. The part of the chapel which has not been transformed, keeps, with its ancient glass windows, its old-world air, and is much the same as when the widowed Queen came to pray there in memory of her beloved dead.

At a short distance from the Scotch College, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor, lived the English Augustinian nuns, who came to Paris in 1634. Like all the British communities in France, the nuns, many of whom belonged to the old Catholic nobility and gentry, were enthusiastic Jacobites. The King and Queen visited them on different occasions; the latter presented the community with some valuable relics, and James III., says the convent diary, when on a visit to the nuns, "touched some that had, or fancied themselves to have, the [King's] evil." After the death of Mary Beatrice a solemn funeral service was celebrated for her in the convent chapel, where in critical moments many fervent

¹ Founded in 1326 by David, Bishop of Moray; it was considerably added to in 1639 and 1662. It was suppressed at the Revolution, 1792, and restored to its owners in 1804.

² James Drummond, Earl, then Duke of Perth, was born in 1648, and died at St. Germain in 1716. James II. appointed him tutor to the Prince of Wales. He married three times. His last wife, Mary Gordon, died at St. Germain in 1726. She had been Lady in Waiting to Mary Beatrice.

prayers had been offered for her and for her children; "the daughters of Sion will never forget her," adds the same diary,¹ after recording her death. The Rue Mouge now passes over the spot where stood the irregular and picturesque buildings belonging to the English nuns, who, since 1862, have been established at Neuilly, whither they carried with them the few treasures that escaped when the Revolutionists pillaged the convent; among others the heart of the murdered Earl of Derwentwater, bequeathed by him to the community.

In the same quarter of Paris, high up in the Rue St. Jacques beyond the church of that name, near No. 269, stands the old monastery of the English Benedictines.² It is now a school of music, and a boarding house for the students has been established in the left wing; the right wing is comparatively well preserved, and possesses a large seventeenth century *salon* of handsome proportions. The chapel,³ now altered and disfigured, witnessed in 1793 a strange scene: the unburied coffin of James II. was broken open by the Revolutionists and the King's body found in a state of perfect preservation. Impressed by the sight, the *sans culottes* allowed the people to view the body for a certain sum, and among those who saw it was an Irishman named Fitzsimons, who afterwards bore witness to this curious incident. Orders were subsequently given to throw the corpse into a common grave. According to an unauthenticated tradition it was secretly preserved, and, in 1813, transferred to St. Germain,⁴ where, immediately after his death, the King's entrails had been buried in the parish church.

The Rue St. Jacques keeps its old world aspect; the narrow street, shut in between tall houses, is much as it was when the widowed Queen of England visited the monastery, and we can easily picture to ourselves the scene that took place on one occasion, when the news of her coming had spread through the neighbourhood. The Chaillot diary tells us that a large

¹ *Un Couvent de Religieuses Anglaises à Paris, 1634 à 1882.* Par l'Abbé Cédoz. 1891.

² The English Benedictines were founded in Paris in 1642. Their property was confiscated in 1792 and restored to them in 1804.

³ The first stone of the chapel was laid in 1674 by Marie Louise d'Orléans, daughter of Henriette Stuart, Duchesse d'Orléans; she afterwards became Queen of Spain.

⁴ See Miss Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, edit. 1875, p. 429, vol. vi. "Queen Anne." Also the statement made in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 243, by Mr. Pitman Jones. In the archives of St. Germain there exists no mention of the removal of the King's body to the parish church in 1813.

crowd assembled to see her alight from her coach, the Abbot and some of the monks came to the gate to receive her, but what with the people who pressed close to her and the monks who, in their haste to assist her trampled on her long black cloak, Mary Beatrice had some difficulty in making her way into the monastery, in spite of the efforts of Count Molza who held her hand. After praying in the chapel where her dead consort lay, the Queen, continues the diary, took her *té* in the large "assembly-room," which is now the only well-preserved portion of the monastery.¹ Of the Visitation Convent of Chaillot absolutely nothing remains.

When the Revolution broke out, the community, consisting of thirty-five persons, had to disperse; and the nuns' property was confiscated by Government. That this property had a certain value is proved by the report of an architect in 1793; even his prosaic and matter-of-fact statement gives one an idea of the picturesque aspect of the convent. The buildings, "consisted of a cloister, a church and a house, situated on the slope of the hill in the finest position" with a superb "terrace."² Within the convent were many pictures, chiefly portraits—these were probably sold; the nuns' papers, among them our Queen's letters to her friends, were taken to the national archives, where they are still to be seen, and the monastic buildings were let to a certain citizen, Sarradin.³

It has been impossible to discover what became of the tombs that filled the convent chapel.⁴ We are told that they were opened, and we know for certain that, in 1793, the copper plates nailed on the coffins were torn from them and sold.⁵ About the same time, the Reign of Terror being then at its worst, the corpses that were found in the neighbouring church of St. Pierre de Chaillot were carried away and buried in the cemetery of

¹ The property of the English, Irish, and Scotch Colleges in Paris and that of the English Benedictines, was seized by the Revolutionary Government in 1792. In 1804 it was restored to its lawful owners, under special conditions. Monsieur l'Abbé Jouannin, a priest of St. Sulpice, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, has the management of the funds and property that belong to these time-honoured foundations.

² Rapport du citoyen Galimard, architecte, *Archives de la Seine*, domaines n. 666.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Besides the remains of Mary Beatrice, the chapel contained those of several illustrious personages, among others of some members of the ducal family of de Lorges, who had built the monastery chapel.

⁵ Compte rendu du citoyen Deguet au Comité civil de la section des Champs Elysées. *Archives de la Seine.*

La Charité. It is possible that the bodies in the convent chapel, that of Mary Beatrice among them, shared the same fate.¹

The convent buildings remained standing till the reign of Napoleon, when they were pulled down to make room for a palace intended for the King of Rome. The fall of the Emperor put an end to this plan, and Louis XVIII. decided to build barracks on the spot; but the Revolution of 1830 overthrew the government of the elder Bourbons before the projected building was completed.² Louis Philippe left the works unfinished, and until the reign of Napoleon III. the hillside remained forlorn and deserted, covered only with half-ruined or half-completed buildings.

In 1867 a garden was laid out that sloped down towards the Seine, and in 1878 the present palace of the Trocadéro was built. It covers the ground where the convent buildings once stood. Indeed, two years ago, when the panorama of Madagascar was erected on the "place" in front of the palace, a number of women's bones were brought to light; the monastery church and the nuns' graveyard had occupied this exact spot.

The suburban village of Chaillot is now a fashionable part of Paris. Of the view that delighted the royal recluse, only the broad river and the wooded heights of St. Cloud remain the same. Tall houses rise in every direction; the Eiffel Tower stands in front of the once quiet hillside; steamers ply up and down the Seine; the neighbouring *Bois*, which our Queen found "very solitary," is alive with carriages, motor-cars, and bicycles. Of the twentieth century men and women who tread the busy thoroughfares of modern Chaillot, few, if any, remember the history of the royal lady to whom, among the vicissitudes of her agitated life, the convent on the banks of the Seine was a place of refreshment and of rest.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

¹ La Charité, founded by Marie de Médicis, wife of Henri IV., was situated on ground that had belonged to the Abbey of St. Germain des près; the present hospital of la Charité occupies a portion of the former buildings.

² The first stone of the barracks was laid by Marie Thérèse, Duchess of Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI.; they were to be called after a fort near Cadiz, named Trocadéro, which had been taken by the French, during the expedition commanded by the Duc d'Angoulême.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

COCO'S DELIRIUM.

OF all life's phenomena there is perhaps none so mysterious, so heartrending, yet surely so merciful, as the evanescent character of misfortune in its effects; the incapacity of any individual, however cruelly stricken, to pass on his own burden of pain and suffering to another generation. Like a territory convulsed by never so violent a volcanic eruption, the scarred and devastated surface even of our own emotions ere long begins to be covered over by a new sprouting growth of fresh, healthy interests and blossoming hopes.

And so it was with Lona, who, though her days were now spent in the sole company of an insane mother, a crippled invalid brother, and a soured and taciturn old grandfather, was yet at moments half surprisedly and guiltily conscious that life was not yet for her wholly blighted, nor the world transformed into a barren desert by the terrible misfortunes that had rained down upon her family. The vigorous and innocent blood coursing swiftly in her veins unconsciously demanded its rights. For her the sunshine was still bright and golden, however heavy the clouds that hung over other lives; the perfume of flowers none the less sweet, nor the birds' song less thrilling, because it may have sounded like ravens' croaking to other stricken mortals. The world to her had not yet become one vast graveyard, peopled only by desolate mourners weeping over the tombs of their beloved, or bewailing lost illusions, but an enchanted garden full of alluring possibilities and delicious surprises. It was good to be young and fair, and every breath she drew was an unconscious thanksgiving for the gift of life.

But it was only on a certain spring day—some seven months after her return to Castle Stillberg—that Lona really began to understand how fair was life, and how beautiful the world.

Like the child that she was—for she was barely seventeen when she had come home on that October day to find her brother a cripple and her mother insane—Lona had surrounded herself with a profusion of pet animals, that in her solitary position took the place of the natural, but here lacking, companions of her age. She possessed a white Persian cat—rejoicing in the name of Schneerose, which had been taught to sit on a chair at the breakfast table and drink coffee out of a cup as deftly and ceremoniously as any well-bred damsel, numerous rabbits, a pair of ring-doves, and what was perhaps her greatest favourite of all, a tame squirrel called Coco, received as a present from the gamekeeper.

So firmly convinced, moreover, was Lona of Coco's perfect reliability of character, and of his unswerving attachment to her person, that the idea of his desiring—let alone attempting—to escape, had never entered into her wildest calculations. Coco was accordingly permitted to enjoy a wide and almost unrestricted degree of liberty, whereof—as subsequent events were to prove—he was wholly unworthy; for not only was a daily ramble through the long vaulted corridors of the castle to be counted as an established privilege, but sometimes on fine days Lona would take down her pet for a run on the terrace, under the erroneous impression that the sensation of racing backwards and forwards along the top of the stone balustrade, or pausing to investigate the contents of a carved flower vase, must necessarily spell pure delight to the mind of any reasonable squirrel.

How little she understood the workings of a squirrel's soul, or suspected the existence of the wildly revolutionary thoughts and instincts residing within that furry breast!

She was to gain enlightenment on these points one bright May day, when having awakened somewhat earlier than usual, Lona conceived that it would be a good opportunity to let Coco enjoy a morning constitutional before the breakfast bell had sounded, or any dogs were about.

It was the most delicious hour of a delicious spring day—one of those hours when nature, undisturbed and undefiled by any tangible suggestion of bustling human life, always appears purer, holier, more exquisitely enjoyable, than at any

other time ; for it is then that the dew-laden flowers breathe forth their subtlest fragrance, and the birds sing their sweetest and most secret love carols, when they deem themselves secure from the intrusion of profane eyes and ears.

Suddenly and without apparent premeditation, Coco dropped the geranium stalk he had been holding between his teeth, and taking a wild leap off the balustrade and clearing a dozen stone steps at one bound, began to run very fast along the broad gravel walk, to disappear round an angle of the house. Taken wholly by surprise, but following in his wake with all possible speed, Lona was just in time to see her favourite galloping down the broad avenue that led to the public road, outside the confines of park and gardens.

"Coco! Coco!" cried Lona as she flew down the avenue in wild pursuit. But on hearing the familiar voice the squirrel only ran the faster, seeming to fly over the ground like a flash of ruddy lightning.

A minute more and it had reached the tall wrought-iron entrance gate, and darted up to the top, where, perched upon the summit of the seven-pointed crown surmounting the armorial bearings of the Stillberg family, it seemed inclined to pause and consider the situation, watching the approach of its young mistress with perfect composure.

"Come down, Coco, my darling Coco," pleaded Lona in her softest and most alluring tone of voice.

Coco made some rather unintelligible reply, in a jabbering language of his own, which may possibly have been to the effect that he was open to conviction, and had no objection to discuss the question, if it were in Lona's power to persuade him of the fallacy of his present point of view.

Drawing a lump of sugar from the pocket of her pink summer frock, Lona now held it up insinuatingly as a bribe to induce the refractory squirrel to return to the momentarily abandoned path of duty and virtue—Coco adored sugar, and this magnet had never yet been known to fail as a means of producing complete and slavish captivation.

The squirrel ceased chattering as, with head cocked doubtfully to one side, it appeared to be gravely weighing a momentous decision whereupon the weal or woe of its future existence was to depend ; for Coco was endowed with a thoroughly realistic nature, and his seemingly flippant and irregular gambols were always governed and directed by a

shrewd and unfailing eye to the main chance. Sugar was very, very sweet no doubt; but was it sweeter than liberty—that ecstatic sensation whereof he had just barely tasted for the first time in its young life?

The voice of blackbirds and linnets echoing through the fresh morning air sounded like a siren call in his ears, and if the dew-laden flowers had been as many cups of sparkling champagne whereof he had recklessly quaffed, their contents could not have gone to his head more swiftly and surely, sweeping away and submerging all the acquired virtues of duty, gratitude, and obedience. The long-repressed instinct of liberty had suddenly assumed the proportions of an absolute and imperative necessity—and Coco having once recognized this fact was not the squirrel to barter his birthright for a bare mess of pottage, even clothed in the alluring shape of a lump of sugar. Decision was moreover accelerated by the fact that his position on the top of the seven-pointed crown was becoming irksome and even painful—crowns being obviously more agreeable to wear, than to sit upon.

Another frenzied leap into space, and Coco having crossed the road was speeding recklessly over flower-enamelled meadows in the direction of the forest, followed by Lona in breathless and seemingly vain pursuit.

CHAPTER II.

A MAY QUEEN.

AT this time, two young men seated in a dog-cart, closely followed by a lively brown retriever, were driving along one of the narrow country roads that led to a station on a small branch railway. The elder of the two, who held the reins, was a man of some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, but who appeared somewhat older by reason of an habitual expression of thoughtful, almost melancholy gravity, stamped on his features. A man neither handsome nor the reverse—chiefly conspicuous for broad shoulders, and a massive frame conveying an impression of latent and repressed power; eyes grey and serious, and a short bushy beard matching the hair of that rather ruddy shade of brown that seems often to go hand in hand with exceptional physical strength. He was attired in the

national costume of coarse grey tweed which, along with the green Styrian hat, adorned with a luxurious chamois beard, is the dress most commonly affected by the landed proprietors of these parts.

His companion, some half a dozen years younger, looked scarcely more than a mere boy, although he wore the undress uniform of a cavalry lieutenant—a handsome, comely youth with straight, delicate features, and laughing brown eyes alive with schoolboy fun and mischief.

The road along which they were driving just now was one of those delicious country lanes that would only seem to have been traced in order to furnish a convenient excuse for the luxuriant display of a hundred varieties of flowering weeds that had sprung up unchecked at their own sweet wills to deck the banks in a multi-coloured glory which no gardener's art could hope to achieve.

Cowslip and crowsfoot smeared the ground with their gold wherever a footing was to be obtained between the patches of dog-violet and ragged-robin; and the inquisitive eyes of blue veronica, peeping pertly out from tangles of wild geranium and strawberry blossom. The straggling hedges bordering the road on either side, dashed into foam by a wealth of hawthorn flowers, resembled a pair of loosely-woven white garlands placed there to adorn the track of a royal procession.

The two young men had been talking a little while ago, discussing the details of a bargain just concluded between them; for the civilian, who owned an estate in the neighbourhood, had just sold one of his horses, bred upon his land, to the cavalry lieutenant, and was conducting him back to the station whence he was to take a return train to the little garrison town of Sanct Peter, situated some thirty miles further down the line.

Imperceptibly, however, they had lapsed into silence, and the driver had unconsciously slackened the reins, subdued by the subtle beauty of the hour and scene. This was one of those perfect moments that come to us sometimes towards the close of May, when conscious that the days of spring are numbered, we feel yearningly anxious to prolong this enchanting season at any price, to lay hold, as it were, of the departing May Queen's gossamer draperies, imploring her to tarry yet awhile on this grim old earth, to stay with us for but a single day or hour, in order that we may gaze our last on her gracious countenance. June will presently bring us richer, more substantial gifts, more

positive delights; but not all the dazzling glory, the luscious perfume of rose and carnation harvests can quite replace the intangible charm residing in pale primroses and fragile anemones.

The end of this flowery lane, which, after a succession of indolently winding curves, finally emerged on to the high-road, was marked by a little wayside chapel, upon the lichen-encrusted surface of which the faint outlines of some semi-obliterated fresco designs might yet be traced. Standing alone just at the angle formed by the junction of three roads, this little chapel was overshadowed by a gigantic bird-cherry tree, whose overblown blossoms were beginning to fall in a pearly-white shower upon the roof of the little shrine and the surrounding turf.

It was just before reaching this spot that the horses in the dog-cart shied wildly, narrowly escaping an upset of the vehicle into the adjacent ditch. A small, reddish creature resembling a kitten or weasel had darted across the track almost beneath their very noses, to run up the tree and be lost in the sea of white blossom overhead, pursued by the brown retriever, which vainly expressed its disappointed rage by furious barking and ineffectual leaps against the trunk. Almost simultaneously there was a violent rustle in the hedge, as for a moment the hawthorn boughs seemed to flush up into vivid colour, before bending asunder to give passage to a flying figure, surely no other than the departing May Queen traversing her kingdom for the last time, before saying farewell to this sad old earth illumined by her laughing presence for one short moon.

Some such hazy, undefined impression was probably conveyed to the minds of the two young men in the dog-cart, as they beheld a long-limbed, slender maiden attired in flowery pink garments, leap lightly down from the steep bank on to the road alongside of them. Her face, which perhaps had been round and rosy a few months or even weeks ago, was beginning to assume more delicate curves, a more refined sort of loveliness than the dimpled beauty of childhood. Her skirts were a little, just a very little shorter than fashion prescribes for young goddesses who have already left the Olympian schoolroom, but that was presumably due to the fact that the May Queen had outgrown her last year's raiment. Apparently also she must have lost her crown and sceptre, in the course of her wild flight across the meadows, and her hair of the colour of ripe ears of wheat, now loosened and disordered, fell about neck and

shoulders, touched by the morning sunshine into waves of shivering gold. Some long tangles of wild eglantine had stretched out their thorny arms as though to arrest her passage, but at some damage to her garments she had shaken herself free of their clinging embrace, leaving a few pink fragments suspended on the thorns, like magnified editions of the roses that would be out in another week.

"Coco! my darling Coco!" she now cried pantingly, coming to a halt at the foot of the tree, and gazing up distractedly into the canopy of white blossom overhead.

"What has happened?" asked the gentleman holding the reins, having at last induced his terrified horses to stand still.

The girl turned her head with a swift glance towards the speaker, that only just afforded him time to remark that her brows were extremely dark and well pencilled, and her lashes surprisingly thick and long.

"It is my squirrel that has run away, and I have been chasing him all over the fields. He is always so tame and affectionate, and I really cannot imagine what has possessed him this morning. Poor Coco! perhaps he has gone mad, for he never, never tried to run away from me before."

The younger man—he of the black curls and military cap—had meanwhile vaulted from the vehicle and was standing on the road by the May Queen's side. He indulged in a long, earnest look at her pink-flushed face, before replying with mock-serio emphasis.

"He must be perfectly stark staring raving mad without a doubt to have run away from *you*. But if you will permit me, I will endeavour to restore his mental equilibrium by pointing out the monstrosity of his conduct, and, failing argument, I am fully prepared to adopt more conclusive measures. Down, Waldman! down, I tell you. This is entirely my own business, and your blustering intervention is here quite superfluous."

With the nimble agility of a *ci-devant* school-boy who has not yet left his bird-nesting days very far behind him, the young man began to scale the tree, whose branches swaying violently beneath the weight of his ascending figure, dislodged a perfect snowstorm of loosened petals, to fall in dense showers indiscriminately upon the grass below, the roof of the little chapel, and upon Lona's uncovered golden head; and when from time to time the squirrel hunter paused to peer down through the branches and report the progress of his strategical operations,

his face appeared from below partially obscured by a floating mist of falling blossoms.

Limb by limb, branch by branch, he had gone on ascending the flowery ladder, until ascent was no longer possible, as the frail swinging boughs that rose like a gigantic nosegay to the summit of the tree, could bear a squirrel but not a man's weight ; and it was upon one of these topmost branches that Coco had taken his final despairing stand, well aware that upon the impregnability of this last fortress depended his chances of ultimate escape and of attaining that glorious freedom that for one delicious half hour had seemed to be achieved. Descent was not to be thought of so long as that horrid dog was barking and leaping against the trunk, and there were no other trees within reach to afford a retreat.

"Can you not reach him?" cried Lona, anxiously, seeing that the young man had come to a halt, and was doubtfully contemplating the next branch. It needed but another glance at her beseeching face to steel his resolution. No, decidedly it would not do to disappoint the May Queen ; those tears that were quivering on her lashes must be dried at any price, and he would not rest satisfied until the curves of that little mouth had ceased to droop in such piteous fashion.

"I'll try," he said, smiling down confidently into her face through the network of snowy branches. "But we shall have to change our tactics, for the last rungs of the ladder were decidedly not designed with a view to bearing the majestic weight of a full-grown lieutenant."

Meanwhile the other man in the dog-cart was beginning to chafe under the prolonged delay. He found it exceedingly tiresome to be condemned to sit there inertly holding the reins, a passive and useless spectator of the little drama going on within that old bird-cherry tree ; and it was distinctly irritating not to be able to see the face of that pink-robed girlish figure.

"We must drive on, or you will miss your train," he now said shortly, addressing the man in the tree.

"Bother the train ! I tell you I am not coming down until I have captured that little imp. But throw me your stick, if you please. Its crook is the very thing I require for pulling down the branch and forcing the gates of the citadel."

"Here is the stick, but be quick about it," admonished the driver, throwing out a substantial walking-cane whose handle was bent in a sharp curve.

Without turning round Lona picked up the stick, and by standing on tip-toe contrived to pass it up to the squirrel hunter. Another minute, and by deftly hooking the wooden crook round the branch that represented Coco's last hold upon golden liberty, with his left arm he had bent it within reach, while simultaneously his right hand closed round the little creature's body in a firm though gentle grasp.

For some moments the tree top was convulsed as by a hurricane, and a perfect torrent of descending blossoms obscured the air like a miniature snowstorm.

"Victoria! I have got him," sung out the successful hunter from his invisible post aloft.

"But you have not hurt him, I hope? Pray be very gentle with Coco. He is such a sweet, tender little creature," warned Lona, concernedly; for it had seemed to her that an undefinable sound, something between a squeak or a swiftly-repressed cry of pain, had proceeded from the sylvan battle-field.

The man laughed oddly.

"Oh, no, Coco is not hurt at all—only exceedingly mortified and indignant at his ignominious defeat, to judge from his expression and—ahem—conduct. You may make your mind quite easy. I would not for the world give pain to such a sweet, angelic little creature."

Cautiously descending with his precious burden, the young lieutenant was presently able to hand Coco safe and sound into the gladly-outstretched arms of its basely-deserted mistress. Lona, who had meanwhile detached her watch from the long, slender gold chain worn round her neck, promptly slipped the swivel into a tiny ring upon Coco's red leather collar; for although still firmly convinced that only a verdict of temporary insanity could be passed over her favourite in explanation of its recent escapade, yet prudence demanded that a repetition of this deplorable incident should be provided against. Having accomplished this act she heaved a deep, heartfelt sigh of relief.

"Now I shall be able to lead him home quite safely. Thank you, oh thank you so much. You do not know how very, very happy you have made me!"

Then and then only, as she stretched out her hand towards Coco's captor in grateful acknowledgment of his service, she perceived that his right hand was bleeding profusely from a wound just below the thumb.

"You have hurt yourself in climbing the tree?" she inquired

with gracious solicitude. "But how? Bird-cherry has got no thorns surely?"

"No. But squirrels have got teeth. Were you not yet aware of that fact in Natural History?" retorted the young man, smiling radiantly, as though with supreme relish of a capital joke.

"Coco has bitten you! How stupid of me not to see it before!"

"It is nothing—a mere trifle; not worth mentioning. Don't you know that a soldier must be prepared to shed his blood in a rightful cause whenever duty demands? It is in fact our chronic, normal state of existence, and when we have no chance, more's the pity, of going to war with Turks or Russians, we like to keep in practice by an occasional skirmish with runaway squirrels, or other odd jobs of that sort."

Lona however refused to treat the matter with this deplorable frivolity.

"It is bleeding terribly," she said with pretty decision. "And I cannot possibly suffer you to go on until it has been properly bandaged. Do you think you are able to hold my squirrel while I tie up your friend's hand?" she added, now turning to the man in the dog-cart, seemingly only now distinctly aware of his existence. "Here is the chain; you must hold it very firmly, as Coco does not know you, and might possibly attempt to escape again."

And as, for one brief moment she looked up at him with an expression of grave scrutiny, as though impartially weighing his qualifications for this important office, he abruptly realized that this girl in the short pink frock and tousled golden hair was almost beautiful.

The proposition of ministering to his bleeding wound with her own fair hands, had meanwhile induced the young lieutenant to take a far more serious view of the injury.

"Perhaps you are right," he said hypocritically, displaying the wounded hand for her inspection with a new and quite unblushing alacrity. "It is certainly bleeding rather badly, and I feel the pain getting worse every moment. It would undoubtedly be imprudent not to staunch the blood, as I have still half an hour's drive before me. Why I knew a chap who bled to death merely from a neglected finger cut. Lockjaw too frequently occurs in such cases, I am told. Not that such a thing is likely to happen here," he added quickly,

warned by a terrified expression in those blue eyes—now in such close proximity to his own, that he was in danger of over-acting his part of wounded hero—"but still it is as well to be careful, for it would be a nuisance if I were to turn faint or giddy from loss of blood."

To the man in the dog-cart, relegated to the uninteresting and somewhat ignominious *role* of a squirrel-herd, it seemed that a quite preposterously long time was absorbed by such a simple process as binding up an insignificant finger-scratch. How foolish girls were to be sure, making such a fuss about nothing! And he—that young lieutenant who was undoubtedly a capital rider, and had at first sight appeared to be such a fine manly fellow—was he not perhaps somewhat of a muff after all? Why need he so willingly have consented to be nursed and coddled like a helpless infant? It was not to be supposed that a squirrel's bite could hurt very much, he reflected, eyeing the now cowed and dejected Coco with a touch of aggressive contempt. He was quite ready to try the experiment upon his own fingers, if only to demonstrate how utterly beneath a man's notice such trivial sensations ought to be.

In reality the operation had not lasted five minutes, as having swiftly staunched the bleeding wound, and applied some cooling dock leaves to the spot, as she had seen her mother do in similar cases when her brothers had cut their fingers, Lona had proceeded to swathe the afflicted finger in the folds of her own cambric pocket-handkerchief.

Intent upon the accomplishment of her Samaritan office, she was for the nonce wholly unconscious of any other thought or sensation; and it was only when having finally made the bandage quite secure by bringing it round the wrist, and there tying the ends in a firm double knot, that she looked up, and meeting the young man's eyes, vaguely wondered at their singular intensity of expression.

"Is it all right? How do you feel now?" she inquired in stammering and blushing confusion—suddenly aware of a new curious thrill, never before experienced, that seemed to be paradoxically composed of fear, expectation, and delight all at once.

"It feels exactly like being in Heaven," returned the young officer with profound conviction; and then seizing hold of her Samaritan hand with graceful boyish audacity, he raised it to his lips to kiss it, not once, but at least half a dozen times over.

A minute later and the dog-cart, driving away at a brisk trot, was carrying its occupants out of sight, while Lona, left standing beneath the old bird-cherry tree, her fair head all flecked by its pearly petals, was examining her right hand with careful scrutiny, almost as though expecting to find it metamorphosed in some curious fashion. She would scarcely have been surprised to make the discovery that her fingers had been scorched, or at the very least singed, by the quite unusual treatment to which they had been subjected.

Presently her eye glancing downwards fell upon a bright crimson spot disfiguring the lowest flounce of her short pink muslin skirt.

"His blood!" she murmured softly, gazing upon the red stain with as wondering admiration as though it had been a ruby of great price.

Then quite unexpectedly, and much to the squirrel's surprise, she gave Coco a box on the ear.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIAN VON SCHWERTENECK.

LONA did not mention her adventure to any one at home—to whom indeed should she have done so? Her grandfather would scarcely have cared, nor could her afflicted mother have understood aught about the matter—there was Angus to be sure, her poor helpless crippled brother, into whose enforced seclusion and isolation from all active part in life's drama, she could sometimes bring a little passing sunshine by her childish prattle about the conduct and characters of her pets, or by giving him an account of some uneventful little episode of her daily walk; but somehow just to-day, it did not occur to Lona to give either a very complete or precise account of what had taken place that morning. Angus had indeed been duly informed of Coco's temporary fit of insanity, resulting in ignominious capture and disgrace; but when he carelessly inquired, with no more than a languidly good-natured interest in the matter:

"And did you catch him yourself, little sister, and give him the scolding he deserved for his base and treacherous conduct?" she had answered somewhat confusedly:

"No, not quite by myself—that is to say, there was someone else just passing that way—it was a—a man that caught Coco."

She broke off with a blush, which however passed unnoticed. A man! had she said? How lamely and inadequately did that word seem to describe the young demi-god who had so unexpectedly and opportunely appeared on the scene! Had Phœbus himself in his golden chariot thought fit to descend from the skies in order to come to her relief, the impression conveyed could scarcely have been more intense and dazzling.

But in the next moment Lona had regretted her foolish prevarication and obviously quite superfluous reticence. Had she simply told her brother all about the occurrence, might he not perhaps have been able to throw some light upon the personality of the stranger, who as yet in her mind had no other name but that of Coco's Preserver? (a flattering designation which the squirrel itself, sulking upstairs in the depths of its cage, would scarcely have endorsed). Lona had lived too little at Stillberg of late years to know much about their neighbours, but Angus must at least be aware of the names of all the landed proprietors in the district as well as of the officers belonging to the 19th Lancer regiment, now stationed at the little garrison town of Sanct Peter. Having, however, now foolishly blundered into concealment, Lona had no choice but to keep silence further, as she ruefully recognized. Any tardy disclosure of the circumstance would now only have the effect of placing the facts in a distorted and significant light, and Angus might think. . . .

What precisely Angus might have thought Lona did not very clearly know herself, but she felt sure that it would be something very, very uncomfortable and embarrassing.

"And now I shall perhaps never, never know his name!" she said to herself over and over again that day in bitter self-reproach. And then, having nothing else to occupy her thoughts, she began to recall and pass over in mind every single word and phrase that had been spoken on that momentous occasion, as something infinitely precious to be treasured up for ever.

Had not his voice sounded like a silver clarion when, from out the maze of snowy blossoms, he had sung out "Victoria! I have got him!" And what exquisite, what supreme sense of humour was there not in the remark, "Squirrels have got teeth. Were you not aware of that fact in Natural History?"

But the most remarkable of all his utterances was undoubt-

edly when he had said, "It feels exactly like being in Heaven!" Surely that had been the sweetest, the most precious moment of all except—except that other moment that came directly after . . .

Lona was not however condemned to wait very long in ignorance of her young hero's name and personality; for no later than the third afternoon following upon the incidents recorded in the last chapter, the announcement that a gentleman had called and was waiting outside at the front door in order to pay his respects to the master of the house, caused her heart to leap up in preposterous fashion.

*Christian Ritter von Schwerteneck,
Fahrafeld,*

was the name inscribed upon the visiting card which preceded his entrance.

They were all sitting on the eastern terrace, for it was the hour of afternoon tea, and this was the first day that the air was hot enough to render sitting outside distinctly enjoyable, and shade a luxury to be coveted and eagerly sought out.

Lona, to-day attired in a cool white frock—for the pink garment, frayed and rent by her recent escapade, had been pronounced irrevocably unfit to be worn again save perhaps in the privacy of the early morning hours—was dispensing the tea to her mother and brother. Angus was seated in his bath-chair that had been wheeled to the side of the white painted garden table where the repast was spread, and opposite him sat Mabel stiff and erect, with her habitual expression of vacant melancholy, and seldom, but at rare intervals, unclosing her pale lips to answer a question, or make some wholly irrelevant remark that betrayed how widely remote was her mind from the topic of the moment. A green-necked bottle and glass stood by Attila's elbow, for *his* afternoon tea went by the name of Tokayer.

An expression of some slight surprise had crossed his face on receiving the card, for no visitors had ventured to call at Castle Stillberg since last year's tragedy,—but after a scarcely perceptible pause of hesitation he remarked:

"Schwerteneck. Yes, that is surely the name of the fellow who bought the Fahrafeld estate two years ago! Show the gentleman in, and say that his visit will give me pleasure."

But when a minute later the stranger had joined the family party on the terrace, Lona, with a spasm of almost unbearable

disappointment, realized that this was not the radiant young Phœbus who had climbed the bird-cherry tree, but his ruddy-haired and broad-shouldered companion, the silent, and therefore probably uninteresting occupant of the dog-cart. She would scarcely have recognized his face, having indeed bestowed a minimum of attention upon him on the occasion of their first meeting; and he was certainly taller and broader than she would have supposed from that one cursory glance wherewith she had favoured him while entrusting the runaway squirrel to his charge; taller, more massively framed, and with a certain indefinable suggestion of reposeful and enduring strength that seemed to be the keynote of his personality.

Having been duly presented to each member of the family (an empty form as regarded Mabel, who merely viewed the new-comer with a fixed and stony stare), the visitor proceeded to explain his presence by the circumstance that, having nearly two years ago purchased the property of Fahrafeld, an estate situated at about two hours south of Stillberg, he had found so much work cut out for him on his arrival, in the way of indispensable repairs and improvements, as to have hitherto lacked either leisure or opportunity for making acquaintance with his neighbours. This tardy duty he now desired to accomplish, and as a first step in this direction had deemed it expedient to begin his round of visits with Castle Stillberg.

All this was explained with minute, almost scrupulous detail, as though he had been desirous of divesting his visit of any appearance of direct personal interest in Castle Stillberg and its inhabitants.

Then, after having accepted a cup of tea from Lona's fair hands, in preference to the wine which his host would fain have pressed upon him, Herr von Schwerteneck glided into an animated discussion of agricultural matters with the two other men. Being, as he frankly acknowledged, something of a novice regarding the practical sides of agriculture, he was anxious to pick up as many hints as possible from his more experienced neighbours, if they would kindly take pity on his ignorance.

That this ignorance was, however, by no means so absolute as modesty professed the conversation presently showed, for, theoretically, at all events, Herr von Schwerteneck was thoroughly master of his subject. He spoke with fluency and decision, and had quite as much to say regarding divers

systems of fruit-tree grafting as about cattle breeds or artificial manure, and he had evidently thoroughly weighed and examined the conflicting claims of various American, German, and Swedish reaping-machines.

"Why you seem to know a good deal more than we do about such things," remarked Angus, who had been listening with growing interest to a vivid description of cider-making in the Basque provinces, which Herr von Schwerteneck was proposing to introduce on to his Styrian estate. "You must have studied farming all your life to have learnt such a lot. Why I have lived here ever since my childhood, yet somehow I never thought of inquiring in what fashion our cider was produced, nor how it could be improved upon."

"Theories mostly, as yet, which remain to be proven. But I have spent fully three years in the study of agriculture. When I left the army in 1889 I went first to Germany, where I stayed two years at the Agronomical University at Frankfurt. The remaining year I employed in travel through Belgium, France, Spain, England, and Sweden, so as to compare different soils and systems, before finally attempting to turn my knowledge to practical account upon a property of my own."

"Ah, you have been in the army, to be sure, I might have guessed as much," remarked Attila. "No civilian ever acquires precisely the same carriage as we soldiers."

"I served for six years in the 28th Dragoons, and had just obtained my rank as sub-captain when I decided to leave the army."

"Indeed! you decided to leave," repeated the old Hungarian, this time with a faint—a very faint—point of suspicion in his tone, for in truth to him it always flavoured of the inexplicable and mysterious that any sane man should desert the profession of arms for another calling.

"Yes, I had important reasons for desiring to resign at that time," returned Schwerteneck, with scarce perceptible hesitation, "and my father's death happening to coincide with my resolution, I was thus enabled to carry it out without much delay. But I retained my military rank, of course," he added quickly, almost as though he had divined the latent suspicion in Attila's mind. "My name still stands officially as captain in the 28th Dragoons."

The passing cloud upon Attila's brow cleared away as by magic. Of course, a *ci-devant* officer who had retained his rank

was to be regarded as a gentleman and an equal ; and there was nothing to be said against him even though he had foolishly preferred a peaceable to a martial career.

The conversation, after this slight digression, naturally reverted to the original theme. The visitor had several questions to ask concerning the breed of pigs most affected in Styria, as also with regard to the mode of killing practised in these parts. Was it really still universally done here in the old-fashioned way? He himself was now contemplating the expediency of killing pigs by means of the electric current. He had indeed not yet set up electric works on his property, but was proposing to do so next year.

Attila looked amused.

"On account of the pigs! Why what a lot of trouble and expense to be about on account of a lot of porkers! They should be vastly flattered, I am sure! We do not treat them with such ceremony in these parts."

"Not only for the pigs. I require electricity for many other uses as well on my farm. For working the forge and saw-mill for instance; and perhaps by-and-by I may utilize the electric current for purposes of horticulture, if the experiments lately set on foot in Sweden seem to warrant the hope that double harvests of fruit may be achieved by this method. But the pigs are to have the precedence. Surely if we are compelled to destroy animal life, it should be done with a minimum of suffering to the individual creature. Now death by electricity is swift, painless, and bloodless. It is at once the most powerful as well as the most merciful mode of extinguishing life."

"Can a dragon be destroyed by electricity, do you think? Or is it not strong enough? Must we indeed wait for God's lightning to come down from heaven to destroy the monster which goes masquerading under the name of Honour?"

It was Mabel who had asked the question, with her large vacant blue eyes just now lit up by a fanatical gleam of semi-consciousness, fixed full upon the visitor's face.

There was a momentary pause of painful embarrassment at this unfortunate exposure of one of the family skeletons before an utter stranger. As a rule Mabel never spoke unless directly addressed, and to a superficial observer she presented merely the appearance of a somewhat languid, melancholy woman, who kept silence only because she did not think it worth her while to join in the conversation; but on this

occasion something in the stranger's last words had struck a cord in the habitually vacant mind, bringing up to the surface the one dominant thought that had preyed upon her to the extent of destroying reason.

It was Lona who, with delicate feminine instinct, first recovered her presence of mind, while the two men were vainly cudgelling their brains for some mode of turning the conversation.

"Please do not speak about killing or bloodshed," she said in a hurried undertone to the visitor. "It always excites poor mama—since—since her terrible illness last year. Perhaps you will be good enough to talk about something else—something safer than pigs and electricity. Fowls or fruit-trees for instance."

Until this moment Lona had been sitting by passively listening to the conversation in shy, maidenly silence, and except when she had addressed him to ask whether he took sugar and cream in his tea, Christian Schwerteneck had not heard the sound of her voice that day. He therefore now felt deliciously touched and flattered by her unexpectedly confidential communication.

"We will talk about fowls," he whispered back, smiling reassuringly in order to let her see that he perfectly grasped the situation. "Fowls are much more attractive than pigs certainly, and I must really beg your pardon for having alluded to such prosaic animals in a young lady's presence."

"Your grand-daughter has just been asking me about my fowls," he now said aloud, addressing Attila. "And I should be most grateful if you would permit me to visit your poultry-yard, in order that I may have a chance of comparing your breeds with my own. I saw a remarkably fine Spanish cock as I drove past the farm just now."

"Of course you are welcome," said Attila with a touch of stately condescension.

"And Lona will, I am sure, be delighted to show you the way," completed Angus, eagerly grasping at this convenient excuse for getting the stranger off the scene lest his mother should have the unfortunate inspiration of again attempting to speak. "She knows the fowls far better than any of us, and has got a whole lot of pets over there."

The alacrity wherewith this proposition was accepted showed how entirely it met Herr von Schwerteneck's own views; and having said farewell to the other members of the family, he

found himself presently traversing the short piece of avenue leading to the farm and offices with a slim, white-robed maiden as cicerone, who seen thus at close quarters, was even sweeter and fairer than the transient vision of the pink-garbed May Queen had led him to expect.

"Perhaps you do not really care about seeing the fowls," she presently remarked, glancing up at him shyly from beneath the rim of her broad garden hat. "It was very good of you to take the hint and change the subject so as not to agitate poor mother, and this was just an excuse for getting away. But our poultry-yard is by no means a show one, and of course you needn't look at cocks and hens out of politeness, if you had rather not."

"But I do care, very much indeed. A farmer must study everything that belongs to his profession, and, besides, I am really anxious to make acquaintance with some more of your pets; to one of them I was already introduced the other morning, you know."

A faint blush overspread Lona's face at this first allusion to their former meeting.

"I am glad you said nothing about Coco's escapade before grandpapa. I never told him, for he might perhaps have been displeased with me for running out on the high-road that way all alone, and without a hat either. But I really could not help it you see, for I could not bear to lose Coco."

This was already the second time within a few minutes that this winsome young girl, who was fairer than any woman with whom Christian Schwerteneck had ever yet been brought in contact, had spontaneously assumed a confidential attitude towards himself, and the action of his habitually calm and well-regulated heart was palpably accelerated on recognizing this favourable token. How should he have guessed that this touching confidence was in reality but what in medical language would be designated as a secondary symptom—the mere reflection of a deeper, more secret feeling to which as yet Lona had not ventured to give a name?

"Of course you could not have lost your squirrel," he said, edging a little nearer to his companion in order to be able to verify more precisely the colour of her eyes. Were they indeed as blue as they had appeared when he had seen her bare-headed in the morning sunshine, or merely grey? And it was with some little surprise that he now discovered them to be of a peculiar shade of hazel rimmed with brown, that was in his

opinion distinctly more attractive than the bluest of blues. After making this interesting discovery he ventured to say :

"How lucky it was, to be sure, that we happened to be on the spot in order to capture your pet."

We? Lona had certainly never thought of Coco's preserver in the plural sense, and to her thinking it savoured almost of arrogance on Schwerteneck's part thus unblushingly to array himself in borrowed plumes. He had climbed no tree, had shed no blood in the encounter with the runaway squirrel. In her eyes he was merely the man who had driven the dog-cart; the friend of that other one whose vision was haunting her with such strange persistency.

Yet though inwardly objecting to the manner of his phrase, Lona discovered therein a pretext for putting the question that had been hovering all along on her lips :

"Yes, it was very lucky for me," she said demurely, "though perhaps your friend did not find it equally so. His hand was terribly bitten, I fear." *

Schwerteneck laughed, somewhat unfeelingly, Lona thought.

"That little scratch! A mere trifle which no man thinks twice about! I bet he has forgotten all about the adventure by this time."

Lona, however, was not inclined to dispose of the matter thus casually; nor did she seem to derive consolation from the thought that probably the adventure had been so quickly forgotten by its hero.

"It bled most terribly," she said, shaking her fair head very seriously, "and there were two deep marks in the flesh just below the thumb where Coco's teeth had nipped him. Are you sure that your friend is quite well again?"

"I suppose so," returned Schwerteneck carelessly. "But not having seen him since, nor being at all likely to meet him again, I really am unable to satisfy your charitable curiosity. Lieutenant Count Wilding is almost a stranger to me."

"A stranger! Why I supposed you to be friends!"

"I had never set eyes on him before when he turned up at Fahrafeld last Monday, in order to buy a horse that was for sale in my stables. He is a mere passing acquaintance, nothing more."

Something like a cloud appeared suddenly to have fallen upon Lona's brightness, and it was with a touch of cold formality that, having now reached the farmyard, she fulfilled the task of introducing the visitor to her cocks and hens, turkeys and guinea fowls.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"Huge bold type, please, Mr. Compositor!"

IT would not be easy to find a more striking example of misapplied energy than that which is presented by the career of the late Canon Robert Jenkins, Rector of Lyminge. Learning of a sort he undoubtedly possessed. He was an omnivorous reader, he was acquainted with several languages, he had a taste for archæological research in many different branches. But controversy—by preference anti-Roman controversy—was as the breath of his nostrils. He scented the battle from afar and on the slightest pretext plunged into the fray, careless who was his antagonist and in what literary field the lists were opened. His first publication appeared in 1839, his last in 1895, and during the fifty-six intervening years he was busy smiting the Philistine with battle-axe and flail. Unfortunately Canon Jenkins, though amiable and courteous enough in private life, was far too occupied in attacking the public enemy to pay much attention to the character of the weapons which he used. He belonged of course to higher walks of controversy than such writers as the late Mr. Hastings Collette or Mr. Jacob Primmer. His wide reading enabled him to drag to light sundry out-of-the-way scandals which Catholics would gladly have left in oblivion, but he also helped to propagate some very egregious calumnies, and his reputation for learning still lends them a respectability which otherwise they would certainly lack.

An interesting example, which it seems worth while to place on record here, was brought to the present writer's notice by a correspondent a few weeks back. In a recent discussion upon Indulgences in a provincial newspaper, the Protestant champion, falling back upon the perennial question of Tetzal and Luther, prints what professes to be the Bull which started the whole controversy.

Here [says the writer] is Pope Leo's authority to Tetzel, *i.e.*, the original faculty given to him to sell his Indulgences :

"Health and Apostolic Benediction, world without end. Amen.

"We Leo X., supreme Roman Pontiff, servant of servants, Vicar of Christ upon earth, successor of Peter and Paul, make known to all the faithful of both sexes, that by the authority of Christ, and of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the whole Church, we have granted and conceded to John Tetzel, of the Dominican Order, Apostolic Commissary and Orator for all Germany, Inquisitor of Heretical Pravity, the most ample power of communicating Indulgences throughout all the world, so that the aforesaid John Tetzel can absolve in all cases specially and generally, and in any manner soever reserved to the Roman Apostolic See, such as the same See would be rightly consulted upon. Also of absolving from sins repented of, confessed, and forgotten, AND EVEN FROM THOSE NOT REPENTED OF AND NOT CONFESSED; [huge bold type, Mr. Compositor, for the last ten words] and in the moment of death of bestowing a universal remission of all sins, guilt, and penalty to be paid in Purgatory. Also to shut the gates of hell and to open the gate of Paradise. To the poor, however," (Here the original document breaks off and the date alone remains). "Signed with the Seal of the Fisherman in the last indiction," etc. I quote from R. C. Jenkins's Exam. of Creed of Pius IV., p. 235. But the original document may be seen in the British Museum.¹

Barring the last touch about the British Museum, which is a brilliant piece of bluff originating with the writer of the letter and unauthorized by the reference which he gives, the rest of the statement is taken bodily from Canon Jenkins. Let me say at once that there is of course no such document in the British Museum, and if any one would take the trouble to examine in that great collection some of the authentic single sheets of this period containing Papal letters or commissions of Indulgence he would soon discover how preposterously the usual forms have been disregarded in the pretended Bull to Tetzel. No one, for instance, was ever empowered to communicate Indulgences "throughout the world," but only within some definite Province, neither was Tetzel commissary-in-chief, but sub-commissary within the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Mainz. It is incredible that his powers should have come to him directly from Pope Leo without any mention of his subordination to Archbishop Albert. Again the reference to "sins not confessed and not repented of," is absolutely without a parallel, though we possess hundreds of such documents. But, as Dr. Nikolaus

¹ The *Rushden Echo*, May 26th, 1905.

Paulus, a most distinguished scholar and a specialist in these subjects, has pointed out,¹ it is useless to debate the matter; forgery is patent on the surface of the document. What will probably weigh most in the judgment of any sensible person is the fact that Protestant controversialists have ceased to appeal to it. No mention of it will be found in F. Koerner or Brieger, and it does not even figure in such a work as Dr. H. C. Lea's *History of Confession and Indulgences*.

How then has this spurious Bull come into existence? Any one who will glance at the sixth volume of Janssen's *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*² can readily solve the mystery. The incriminated document appeared first in a satirical drama by Heinrich Kielmann, a schoolmaster of Stettin. This man, about the year 1617, the first centenary of Luther's revolt, wrote a play to extol the Reformation and to vilify the Papacy. It is called *Tetzelocramia*, and in one of the most scurrilous scenes of this drama (Act iii., scene 4), the reading of this fictitious Bull takes place. Probably the author himself never expected it to be taken seriously, any more than he could expect his buffoonery to be taken seriously when he represents an exorcist as conjuring the devil with the words: "*adhuc exorciso te in nomine Patria, Filia et Spiritua Sancta, sancta Maria.*"³ But it was taken seriously, and from thence the fabrication was copied into the older Protestant biographies of Tetzel, notably Vogel's. Amongst the latest victims of the hoax must be named our English friend Canon Jenkins, who found a copy of the pretended Bull in Zedler's *Universal Lexicon*, and pounced upon it without further examination as a precious weapon ready to his hand wherewith to expose the Roman Indulgence system. That where Canon Jenkins blundered so egregiously the ordinary newspaper controversialist should follow him, calling for large capitals and appealing to the solid respectability of the British Museum, cannot be altogether a matter for surprise.

H. T.

¹ See his *Tetzel der Ablass-Prediger*, p. 23, and his article *Zur Biographie Tetzel's* in *Der Katholik* for May, 1901, p. 466.

² Vol. vi. p. 324.

³ Act iii. sc. 7.

Long Notes and Weak Syllables.

The adverse criticism to which the rhythmic theories of Dom Mocquereau have been subjected in the English Catholic Press has in many quarters been thought somewhat crude. Not a few of the critics certainly have charged against a position which was not held by the enemy. After all, whether right or wrong historically, the contentions of the new school cannot be deemed absurd; and it is only by assuming that every note marked with a dot in the Solesmes Editions is intended to constitute the *stronger* rather than the *longer* division of each musical measure,—an assumption which has been again and again repudiated—that any objection lies against the theory on the score of incompatibility with natural accentuation. Granted that the accent is to be maintained on the first syllable of each word in the lines *Deus, Deus meus* and *Ave Maris Stella*, it is still possible to give three rhythmically different interpretations to the syllabic melodies assigned to them. The first would be in spondaic rhythm, in which the accented and unaccented parts of the measure are of equal duration. The second and third would be in equivalently triple time, the measure consisting, in the one case, of a long accented-note followed by a short unaccented one (♩), and in the other, of a short accented note followed by a long unaccented one (♩). In this latter rendering the weak division of the measure would be marked by the *second beat* of strict triple time and continued, as in ordinary suspensions, over the *third beat*, which, therefore, had better not be marked at all. But its duration, while always exceeding one-third of the measure, need not necessarily extend to the full two-thirds. The spondaic rhythm is put aside by Dom Mocquereau as generally unsuitable, though not wrong in principle. The first kind of triple rhythm, which involves a short *thesis*, he would banish as unnatural. And he definitely selects the third interpretation as the type of “a good ideal rendering.” If the reader will try it, taking care to let the second syllables flow off, as it were, from those that precede them, so as to preclude attention as much as possible to their preponderance in length,—in other words, so as to maintain their condition of musical subordination in the measure—he will be able to judge for himself of the justice of Dom Mocquereau's contention. For ourselves we will add that the variety emerging from the adoption of Dom Mocquereau's

system in the third line of the *Stabat Mater* stanza, and the second, fourth, and sixth lines of the *Tantum Ergo*, seems to us to possess a special charm. The device is a simple one; it consists merely in lengthening the strongly-accented note and shortening the unaccented note of each measure—not an arbitrary process, but one necessitated by the dropping of the short syllable of the last foot, or as Dom Mocquereau would express it, by the transition from a weak to a strong *thesis*. We have no desire to press this as a confirmation of the Solesmes theories. But no one, we fancy, who will carefully notice how he himself reads any well-balanced sentence, will hesitate for a moment to endorse Dom Mocquereau's principle, that "in natural rhythm length belongs so essentially to the *thesis* [the syllable on which the rhythmic unit comes to rest], that it is impossible to give it only one beat." We learnt from the old *Book of Elocution*, that "Exercise and temperance strengthen the constitution and sweeten the enjoyments of life;" but interesting as the lesson was from the hygienic point of view, it was impossible to hear it enunciated without noting that in every case of a word of more than one syllable, it was the unaccented ending that good readers would lengthen, rather than the syllables that bore the tonic accent. Good chanters of the Preface or *Pater noster* at Mass show the same discrimination.

Reviews.

I.—A NEW THEORY OF EVOLUTION.¹

THAT the history of the organic world has been one of Evolution no one is likely to deny—at least in the sense that there has been throughout a continual elaboration of higher types of life amongst plants and animals alike. Most persons will go further and accept the doctrine that such evolution has been *genetic*, that the older species have been the parents of the younger, even as from palæolithic man are descended the savants who lecture about him. But when we come to inquire in what manner the assumed development may be supposed to have operated, not only is there very wide disagreement, but many must feel that the systems best known to the world, and most commonly accepted, leave much to desire, since they fail to account for a great deal which more than aught else needs explanation. That all the marvellous productions exhibited in Nature at every turn, should be due to mere aimless fortuitous variation, must appear to any thinking mind an inconceivable idea; that the passage from one type to another has been effected by the imperceptible accumulation of minute differences, as gradually as the new moon passes to the full, seems incredible in face of the geological record, and the marked distinctiveness with which at all periods genera and species have stood apart.

It cannot but seem strange that these difficulties should for so long have been so lightly dismissed, but signs are not wanting that they are rapidly thrusting themselves into notice. Thus we find the "mutation" theory of de Vries now attracting much attention, its essence being that the passage from type to type has been not gradual but sudden. The variations or "fluctuations" of a species, he tells us, are like those of a pendulum oscillating this way and that, but always about a fixed normal line; and specific change occurs only when the point of suspension is

¹ *A New Theory of Organic Evolution.* By James W. Barclay (of Glenbuchat), Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1903, pp. vi. 174.

somehow shifted, so that the rod shall oscillate about another line. Radically similar is the theory propounded in the very original book before us, which certainly deserves more attention than it would appear as yet to have received.

Mr. Barclay contends that a new "race" arises (which term he considers preferable to "species") by modification of the germ plasm of the immediate "antecessor" of the said race, an "antecessor" being a member of the older type from which the new is thus derived, as distinguished from an "ancestor" belonging to the same race as the descendant. The force producing the modification Mr. Barclay identifies with that which originally produced life, and he declares that its mode of operation is analogous to that of man in the development of his own inventions, the life force organs and structure of the antecessor being utilized, so far as they will serve to produce the new type and satisfy its requirements, the new being thus built on the foundations of the old. Here we have suggested an explanation of various phenomena which play a large part in scientific discussion, as the existence of fragmentary organs, and the remarkable phases of embryonic development. The general conclusion arrived at in this connection is thus summed up by the author (*italics are ours*):

The phases of the embryo of any mammal are at the present day the same as those that took place in the embryo of its first *ancestor*. In the embryo of any mammal may now be observed the processes of variation by which the new race came into existence, and from this it may be inferred that Specific Variations arose by modification of the germ plasm of the immediate *antecessor* of that race.

It is noticeable that de Vries says—speaking of plants—"obviously the mutations are decided within the seed."

What gives our author's treatment of such questions special interest is, that he has studied them largely on the practical side, as a stock breeder and agriculturist, and is thus in a position to watch nature actually at work. In particular may be noted his remarks concerning the limitation of what he styles variations "in expression of type" (within the confines of a race), by sterility and precocity, while degeneracy is no less effectively checked by the struggle for existence. It is, however, pointed out that this much-quoted struggle has of itself no tendency to develop beneficial variations, but on the contrary tells heavily against even the survivors.

On various subsidiary points his observations will be found equally fresh and original. We may cite in particular his study of the characteristics of various breeds of sporting dogs, as a test case for Darwinism. Also the assertion, which will doubtless startle many, who will be further surprised to discover how much can be said for it, that we have no evidence to prove that our domesticated animals and plants—dogs, horses, sheep, camels,—wheat, barley, rice, bananas,—have been derived from a wild stock,—“So far as we know, domestication has always been their natural condition.”

In a word, the book is well worth reading, and those who have the good habit of thinking for themselves, cannot fail to find a good deal in it which must set them thinking.

2.—IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.¹

Father A. de Santi, of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, who is also a leading member of the Pontifical Commission for Gregorian music, has published a charming account of a visit paid to England last autumn with the object of assisting at the deliberations of the said Commission among the Solesmes Benedictines of Appuldurcombe in the Isle of Wight. During his short stay in this country the author managed to see a good deal of the ecclesiastical side of English life, and he was obviously very favourably impressed by all that came under his notice. He was present, among other things, at the Catholic Truth Society's Conference at Birmingham, and in a pleasant, chatty style gives a delightful description of what went on, so far at least as the proceedings could in any way interest his countrymen. He heard the music both at the Westminster Cathedral and at St. Paul's, and he passes a glowing eulogy upon the singing of the latter choir, which, as coming from one who holds a representative character in the movement for Catholic musical reform lately initiated by the Holy Father, may reasonably be accounted as a noteworthy compliment by our Anglican friends. The critic's admiration falls not merely upon the execution of the music, but upon its whole character, and, not least of all, upon the behaviour of the choristers who take part in it. The voices fill the whole edifice, says Father de Santi, at the climax of a brilliant piece of description.

¹ *A Londra, Note ed Impressioni.* By Angelo de Santi, S.J. 4°. 106 pp. With many Illustrations. Rome: The Press of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, Via Ripetta, 246, 1905.

Dome, nave and aisles are ringing with them, and the eye wanders around unconsciously in search of the singers.

And yet they are there all the while in front of you in the stalls of the choir, each one in his own—motionless, devout, standing or kneeling according to the place reached in the service, a book before each one as if they were praying. No one is distributing music, no one is giving directions, no one is conducting. If this is not the highest ideal both in the music itself and in its execution, I do not in truth know where such an ideal can be found.

Time was, we fancy, when such a tribute to heretical worship would probably have brought its author under the personal surveillance of the "familiars" of the Inquisition, and in any case would have caused his book to be placed upon the Index. But now this description, after adorning the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, appears under the very shadow of the Vatican with the formal *imprimatur* of the Master of the Sacred Palace. Things undoubtedly are changing, and not less at Rome than elsewhere. With regard to the choir of the Westminster Cathedral, the author passes a high compliment upon the director, but considers that the boys' voices have been trained upon a false system.

Let us say, in conclusion, that the volume is delightfully illustrated and got up, and that it is extraordinarily cheap at the price of two lire. That there should be here and there a slip of minor importance which a fuller acquaintance with the country and the language would easily remedy is not to be wondered at. The most likely to attract attention is the obvious misprint which occurs in the title of the photograph reproduced on p. 97. To his Italian readers this charming book will convey a most favourable impression of England as seen by a keen observer, but with very friendly eyes.

3.—THE DICTIONARY OF ARCHÆOLOGY.¹

There is much matter of interest in the sixth fascicule of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie* already several times noticed in these columns. As regards liturgy proper the article *Amen* by Abbot Cabrol, the general editor, presents an exhaustive treatment of the subject which is not confined to the use of the word in Church ceremonial but extends also to its appearance in inscriptions and to its identification with the

¹ *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie*, publié par Dom F. Cabrol. Paris : Letouzey et Ané, 1904. Fascicule VI.

symbols for the number ninety-nine. Apart from this article, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the rest of the instalment before us is written entirely by Dom. H. Leclercq—not that we consider the fact any drawback, very much the contrary, but only to give some idea of the prodigious industry of that indefatigable student. The only unsatisfactory contribution we have noticed is a far too perfunctory article on the amice (*Amict*), which is by another contributor, and which unaccountably omits all reference to the thorough investigation of the subject to be found in Father Joseph Braun's *Priesterlichen Gewänder des Abendlandes*. The most interesting portions of Dom Leclercq's own work are connected with the words *Ampoules* and *Amours*. In the former case we have an excellent summary of the long controversy which has been carried on as to the meaning of the red phials found in and beside the *loculi* of the catacombs, and formerly held to constitute sufficient evidence that a martyr had there been interred. Dom Leclercq's discussion of the subject will probably satisfy most readers that this primitive view is no longer tenable, but the learned Benedictine does not clearly indicate the solution to which he himself inclines. There is, however, the usual lavish abundance of bibliographical data; and in a work of this kind that is what is most wanted. In the article *Amours*, which is profusely illustrated with excellent woodcuts, we have incidentally what amounts to quite a little treatise on the art and the archæology of early Christian marriage. It is indeed the most conspicuous merit of Dom Leclercq's treatment of such topics that he always overflows. The surroundings of a subject, we are inclined to think, are apt to be so much more interesting and often much more important than the dry bones of the skeleton itself. These last we find reproduced everywhere in much the same terms and generally at second hand. It is in a somewhat broader treatment that we are brought into relation with new facts, and that a really valuable comparative view is obtained. The other important articles in this issue—all, as has been said, signed by Dom H. Leclercq,—are those on *Ame*, *Amendes*, *Amphores*, and *Amulettes*.

4—NICETA OF REMESIANA.¹

This small octavo volume of less than two hundred pages is the *Editio Princeps* of the works of a Latin Father who had

¹ *Niceta of Remesiana, His Life and Works.* By A. E. Burn, D.D. Cambridge: University Press.

a reputation in his own day, and was especially revered by his friend, St. Paulinus of Nola. If his works have not been previously collected and published under his name it is because in the middle ages he came to be forgotten, and his writings were in consequence attributed to others. In some early Martyrologies he is called Bishop of Romatiana, a name which Baronius conjectured must stand for the Roman colony of Aquileia; and this led to the identification of the Saint with a not very distinguished subdeacon of that church, also named Niceta, or rather Nicetas. To him, therefore, some of the works were ascribed. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Zabeo perceived that Romatiana should be read Remetiana, which suited well, for Remesiana was an episcopal city situated in the centre of Illyria, on the great highway between the West and Constantinople; and St. Paulinus's verses describe Niceta the Dacian, as on his homeward journey to just that locality.

Zabeo's conclusion, though sound, does not seem to have been much taken up until, in 1894, Dom Morin, of the Abbey of Maredsous, reviewed the whole subject, and proved by reasoning, which has been accepted as satisfactory, that to this Dacian Niceta should be referred all the documents which, with the aid of Dom Morin, Dr. Burn has incorporated in the present volume. Of these writings, which are five in number—two others being set down as *Dubia*—four, *De diversis appellationibus*, *Libellus Instructionis* (which is incomplete), *De Vigiliis*, and *De Psalmody bono*, though pious and orthodox, do not seem to offer much of fresh interest—except, indeed, in one curious point, for Niceta is one of the few who ascribe the *Magnificat* to St. Elizabeth, not even seeming to be aware that the more common reading of St. Luke's text ascribes it to the Blessed Virgin. The fifth document which Dom Morin ascribes to Niceta of Remesiana is nothing less than the *Te Deum*. His primary authority for this view is in a series of MSS., mostly of the tenth or eleventh century, mostly, too, of Irish *provenance*.

Dr. Burn has done his editorial work with the skill and thoroughness which becomes a Cambridge student. All variants are carefully catalogued, many MSS. having been collated for the purpose. Every point of interest is discussed in a learned Introduction. Moreover, Mr. F. C. Burkitt contributes a special Appendix on the character of the Vulgate text used by Niceta.

5.—THE MEANING OF THE MASS.¹

Such a title as *The Meaning of the Mass*, prefixed to a collection of sermons and addresses by an Anglican clergyman, may well stir the bile of a sturdy Protestant. Nor will it tend to allay his irritation if, on opening the book, he should fall on such passages as these :

I regularly say the *Hail Mary*, and I strongly advise you to do the same.

The thoughts and facts which group themselves round this name, the Holy Eucharist, are those which have made it specially appropriate that this service should be celebrated from time to time with every possible accessory of dignity, tradition, and beauty ; that all that is best in music and art should accompany it ; that vestments should be worn ; that lights should be burning ; that incense should be offered.

The sturdy Protestant, however, if he dives a little deeper into the volume, will learn that Mr. Stewart Headlam's doctrines differ but little from his own ; that the bread and wine in the Eucharist remain unchanged throughout, and no "magical or miraculous power is given to (the priest) beyond what is given to other men ;" and that the Eucharistic service is to be called Mass merely in the interests of the continuity theory. Still, there is much that is strange in the author's doctrinal conceptions, the root-idea in which would seem to be that the Christian sacraments were instituted primarily, if not wholly, that they might become instruments for making converts to socialism. Mr. Headlam makes an occasional bow to "personal religion," but he does not seem to regard it as of much consequence, except in so far as it is a disposition not merely to love one's neighbour as oneself, but to accept as an essential element in that love the most advanced socialistic theories. Thus, you "do not rightly appreciate the value of Holy Communion" if you do not "rejoice when the education rate is a heavy rate," and if you are not prepared to see the children of the poor given, at your expense, "as good an education as (is given to) your own ;" and if you are not prepared to use your influence to obtain a system of taxation whereby the land may be wrested from its present occupiers and nationalized. It is to points like these that the author quickly returns, whatever be the subject from which he starts. No one should blame him for taking to heart

¹ *The Meaning of the Mass*. Five Lectures, with other Sermons and Addresses. By Stewart D. Headlam. London : Brown, Langham and Co.

the needs of the poor, and insisting on their being attended to. But it is strange he should not see that if his readers do not accept his conclusions it may be, not because their hearts are callous, but because they can see through fallacies by which he is captured.

6.—JOHN KNOX.¹

No one can doubt that historians, like speakers and writers, poets and painters, succeed best, when they are deeply in love with their subject, or thoroughly detest it. Knox himself is a standing proof of this. How would he have won his triumphs, if he had not been a whole-souled hater of what he disapproved, a fervent worshipper of what fell in with his tastes? So true is this, that it would have seemed that none but an enthusiast could write the life of the Scottish Reformer. There have been many Lives of Knox, and the current centenary has added largely to their number, but they all seem to be examples (several of them very praiseworthy examples) of the good old uncritical panegyric type.

Mr. Lang's book belongs of course to a different class. He is not a hater of Knox. If he had been, his task would have become easy enough. His object is to be a friendly critic, and to speak plainly without giving offence even to the most sensitive Knoxians. Of course he knows that success cannot be immediate or complete, but he ingenuously makes the attempt, an attempt which, even if considered merely as a literary *tour de force*, is singularly interesting. Never is there a word that can be considered rough or harsh, no pin-pricks, no sledge-hammers, but clear statements that no one can gainsay, and sometimes a quiet, delicate irony which, from pure *naïveté*, is quite irresistible.

Turning from the book to the man, we must first address ourselves to that question which is sure to present itself first to Catholic inquirers. Is Knox to be classed with Achilli, Chiniquy, and other noisome "weeds from the Pope's Garden," whom Protestants have so often and so steadfastly pressed to their bosoms, until absolutely shamed into renouncing their darlings by overwhelming evidence as to their revolting antecedents? The answer here must be a distinct negative. There are of

¹ *John Knox and the Reformation.* By Andrew Lang. With Illustrations. London: Longmans. 281 pp. 10s. 6d. net. 1905.

course accusations and suspicions against the man, which gain a certain plausibility from the bestiality of mind which he constantly displays in his own accusations against Catholics.¹ As to the charges against Knox, we think Mr. Lang might have given the reader more assistance in making up his mind. The materials for a judgment should have at least been indicated in the decent obscurity of a footnote, indeed it might have sufficed to say, that, what was practically the worst had been reprinted by the late Dr. Law, in his edition of the *Catholic Tractates*.² But the charges are unsupported by one word of proof, and will therefore appear inconclusive to every one who is used to investigating matters of this sort, while a study of Knox's character, and of his letters to ladies make strongly for a contrary conclusion.

Knox's great sin, as Mr. Lang repeatedly points out, was love of violence in matters of religion. In other words, he was a relentless enemy to liberty of conscience. The Scotch national character, still in an unformed childish state, was forced under the reformer's yoke, and having since grown up and taken shape under that restraint, has come to look upon his fetters as the divine form of true liberty! It is for Catholics a tragedy too heavy for words.

Mr. Lang of course does not go as far as we do on this point, but he will have nothing to do with the canonization of brute force and lawlessness, for in plain language this is what Knox's panegyrists are ever attempting. Considering the difficulties of his task, Mr. Lang's book calls for our warm admiration. It may well be doubted whether any other writer of our day could have done his work so deftly and so considerately, with so much strength and skill.

7.—LES DEUX ÉCOLES GRÉGORIENNES.³

This pamphlet of fifty pages is a reprint of two articles which appeared in the *Études* (March 5 and 20, 1905); and those interested in Dom Mocquereau's attempt to restore the ancient Gregorian rhythm would do well to read it carefully, if they

¹ Mr. Lang does not seem to have mentioned the story of the mask of Orleans, (Knox ii. 318) perhaps the worst example of credulous pruriency in Knox's whole work.

² *Scottish Text Society*, vol. xlv. 1900.

³ *Les plus anciens manuscrits et les deux Écoles Grégoriennes*, par l'Abbé A. Fleury. Paris: Victor Retaux, 1905.

desire to have a full view of the controversy. It will steady the judgment to know that a strong case can be made out from history for an even more rigid interpretation of the rhythmical marks of the ancient manuscripts than that offered by the school of Solesmes. The regulated freedom of Gregorian Rhythm, as advocated by Dom Mocquereau, must appeal to us with increased force of persuasion, when we have realized how difficult it is to answer those who maintain that Gregorian melodies were written with as much attention to strict time as the music of to-day.

However, the champions of the Tonic Accent, pure and simple, have no reason for premature alarm. The writer hastens to assure us that, to his certain knowledge,

the Papal commission will not take in hand the question of rhythm; that it will confine itself to the publication of the manuscripts *en notation carrée avec le seul groupement des notes, suivant les neumes et la division des membres de phrase, SANS AUCUNE INDICATION RYTHMIQUE*; and that each school will be thereupon free to translate the Vatican melodies into modern notation, with the addition of such rhythmical marks as it may deem expedient; and that permission will be given to publish the same subject to the approval of the Ordinary of each diocese.¹

This leaves the ground free for the discussion of the question of Rhythm on its merits.

Here is the writer's brief description of the opposing schools. On the one side are the upholders of *Rythme Oratoire*. They maintain, in reliance chiefly on manuscripts of later date than the eleventh century, that the notes used in Gregorian have no prosodical value of themselves, and that whatever rhythm is to characterize the execution of the melodies, beyond that called forth by the proper phrasing of the text, is left to the personal taste and musical instinct of the executant. They suppose, of course, that there is to be an artistic and, therefore, pleasing recurrence of accented and unaccented notes in the long passages assigned to single syllables; but that there is any definite rhythm in them, and especially any rhythmical sequence of long and short notes, intended by the composer, they will not allow. The other school—*du Rythme Musicale*—relies exclusively on the evidence of the earlier manuscripts and the plain teaching of the Masters from the fourth to the twelfth century, that being the time when, as is asserted, the older tradition was lost sight of. According to this school the

¹ P. 8.

scansion by *arsis* and *thesis* of a set piece of Gregorian music is as definite and regular as that of a Latin or Greek verse or stanza by metrical feet, and the musical measures are as subject to the law of equivalence in time as are the metrical units of verse in equivalence of syllabic length.

Dom Mocquereau's position, as we understand it, lies midway between these two schools. In his Preface to the *Kyriale*¹ he warns us that

neither time nor time-bars, in the sense in which they are too often understood in modern music, are adapted to the suppleness of Plain-Song. Yet this suppleness [he adds] is not without a precision of its own: for old authors while teaching the measure of musical oratory (*in modum soluta oratione legentis—in modum historię recto et tranquillo cursu*) in order to make it better understood, did not shrink from borrowing their comparisons—they were comparisons only—from a very exact science, viz., metrical science.²

The Abbé Fleury objects to this softening down of the historical evidence. For "comparisons only" he reads "definite statements of doctrine." And he insists on the exact parallelism of the rhythmical laws of Latin verse and of Gregorian music, and maintains that the music is as capable of scansion by measures of long and short notes, as the verse is by long and short syllables.

We cannot undertake to follow in detail our author's treatment of the controversy. To summarize it would be impossible. But we may express the hope that the pamphlet may meet with a competent translator. It is obvious, however, that the extremists of the Oratorical School have no *locus standi* until it can be shown that their adversaries are altogether mistaken in their interpretation of those marks and letters which in the most ancient manuscripts are found attached to the notes, apparently and by the testimony of the highest ancient authorities, as indications of their comparative durations. Dom Mocquereau accepts this interpretation; and it is, therefore, important to know where his theory first branches off from that of the school *du Rythme Musicale*, and what it is supposed to gain thereby.

To understand this we must revert to the rhythm of verse. Aristides Quintilianus, as quoted by the Abbé Fleury, speaks of the iambic foot as consisting of a *half-arsis* and a *double thesis* (ἐξ ἡμισείας ἄρσεως καὶ διπλασίου θέσεως), and contrasts it

¹ Desclée, Lefebvre. Romæ, 1904.

² Preface viii.

with the trochaic foot, which consists of a *double thesis* and a *short arsis*. That this reversal of the position of the *arsis* and *thesis* in the foot was not an oversight is evident, because it occurs again in the descriptions of the dactyle and anapæst, the former being made to consist of a long (*μακρὰς*) *thesis* and two short (*βραχεῖων*) *arses*, while the latter is stated to consist of two short *arses* and a long *thesis*. With this author, therefore, the *thesis* is always the accented portion of the foot, whether this comes at the beginning or at the end of it. And the Abbé Fleury insists upon the same usage in the domain of Gregorian music. His sixth proposition runs thus :

Les mesures musicales grégoriennes se divisent par arsis et thésis, levé et frappé, et les thésis marquent le commencement ou premier temps de la mesure, comme les thésis rythmiques marquaient la premier temps du pied.

From the point of view of the musical theorist this is an unfortunate position to take up, and a cause of many complications in the sequel. By his definition of the *thesis* as the note on which a musical period or phrase or single measure comes to the end of its movement and settles down to rest, Dom Mocquereau avoids these complications and opens out the prospect of achieving a theory that shall be at once natural, consistent, and complete. Certainly, all the special characteristics of his theory, including those that have excited most criticism, are the direct consequences of this definition. If it can be shown historically to be consistent, if not with the actual expression of the ancient teaching, at least with the ideal which the teachers were striving to express, that is, if it can be shown to be a legitimate development of their actual teaching, then the sooner we throw aside all hesitation and accept Dom Mocquereau and all his works the better. In no case is it possible to conceive that the result of a further study of the authorities will be a return to the crude theory that Gregorian music has no pretence to rhythm beyond that which belongs to the text to which it is sung.

8.—A DUTCH LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.¹

Father Van Nieuwenhoff has enriched the literature of his country with a very able and picturesque Life of St. Francis Xavier, which is not so well known outside of Holland as it

¹ *Leven en Brieven van den H. Franciscus Xaverius*, door W. van Nieuwenhoff, S.J. Amsterdam, G. Borg, 1895.

deserves to be. The writer's command of foreign languages, including English, secures for him ready access to all the principal sources of information, and although it must be regretted that some of these sources, notably the *Monumenta Xaveriana*, appeared too late to be available when Father Van Nieuwenhoff was accumulating his materials, still he seems to have made every effort to utilize all the fresh information that was open to him. The book is full in detail and yet compressed within very reasonable limits; 750 pages, post 8vo. do not seem too much for a biography so full of varied incident. Without translating the letters *in extenso*, the author has been careful to preserve all that was most valuable. On some points more recent information lets us know that he has inclined over much to conservative views. Take for example the authorship of the *O Deus, ego amo te* which the Madrid editors make no attempt now to vindicate for St. Francis. But on the whole the presentment of materials is broad-minded and sensible. There is an excellent Index of both persons and places, and one feature which we particularly appreciate is the large route map, which enables us to form a satisfactory idea of the extent of the Saint's numberless journeys from place to place. Without some such aid we should be liable to forget how very large a portion of the apostolate of St. Francis was simply spent in travelling. There are also one or two illustrations, although it must be frankly said that these do not form one of the most attractive features of the book. Taken however as a whole the impression left is that this Dutch biography has been conceived and executed on quite model lines.

9.—ROME, PAINTED BY ALBERTO PISA.¹

This is a beautiful book, which will certainly do much to make the charms of Rome more widely known. Signor Pisa's sketches are exceedingly good in their way, though not so masterly as Colonel Goff's in the similar volume on Florence. For instance, "The Duststorm," No. 46, is not a great success; indeed it may be doubted whether a book, which is held at reading distance, forms a fitting medium for showing pictures,

¹ *Rome, Painted by Alberto Pisa.* Text by M. A. R. Tucker, and Hope Malleon. With seventy colour-type page illustrations. 255 pp. 20s. London: A. & C. Black. 1905.

which from their size, must be held at arm's length, in order to be appreciated.

The ladies who have written the text are upon the whole to be congratulated on their share in the volume. The history and topography of Rome is a subject so vast, that one appreciates the advantage of approaching its mysteries under guidance so capable and so firm as theirs. We do not quarrel with our cicerones for being cocksure in all they say on this subject. But when these "superior persons" proceed to tell us all about the religion of the Romans past and present, their self-sufficiency is not attractive. To be sure they do not insist on old-fashioned narrow views, on the contrary they present us with the latest and broadest verdicts of Anglo-American journalism, and they quite appreciate that the Roman is a person worth patronizing. The result is that the conclusion of the book is unfortunate. The authoresses, while avoiding absurd mistakes, constantly go wide of their mark, with a miss as good as a mile.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER HOWELL (*Howell's Complete Census Book*, Art and Book Company) aims at completeness, and certainly if the district priest knows all the particulars concerning his flock, which are set down in this veritable *vade mecum*, he will go far towards verifying one qualification of a good shepherd contained in our Lord's description, viz., "I know Mine and Mine know Me." The table of contents is rather alarming, but it contains nothing but what ought to be in the knowledge of the priest who is anxious to further God's interests in his parish. We shall be thought guilty of adding to the burden if we suggest that there ought to be a heading concerning attendance at Sunday Mass. Also, would it not be better to make all entries in ink? The census book is in some sort a history of the parish, and instead of rubbing out the name of a family that has left the parish, would it not be better to have some permanent record, if at some future day inquiries are made as to whether such and such a family ever lived in such and such a parish? The system of loose leaves is admirable, for a bulky volume

when one is making a house-to-house visitation is somewhat in the way. A fountain pen is a useful adjunct to a priest while engaged on systematic house-to-house visitation. Another admirable feature is the separate column for confraternities; for by means of such associations one is in possession of a powerful lever for good in a parish towards exciting and cherishing devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. One last suggestion—only a suggestion. Under the heading of education, would it not be advisable by some sign or other to note whether the boy or girl is at a college or convent or other secondary school? Canon Keatinge, in his admirable book for priests, calls attention to the fact that the young collegian, being away from home most part of the year, is very seldom seen by the parish priest. The vacation time is one full of dangers for youth, and a tactful district missionary can do much to provide Catholic boys with harmless recreations, and gain their help in parochial festivities.

Better evidence of the existence of two very different classes of theological students, who require their mental food served up to them in quite different ways, need not be looked for than is found in two publications of the present year. The shorter work (*Tractatus de Sacramentis Ecclesiæ, quem in usum auditorum suorum concinavit* G. van Noork. Amstelodami, apud C. L. Langenhuisen, 1905, 412 pp.), deals with the Sacraments in general, Baptism, Confirmation, and the Holy Eucharist. It follows the usual lines of text-books, though it is a good specimen of its class. The other work (*Summa Theologica*, auctore Laurentio Janssens, S.T.D., Tom. vi. Friburgi: Herder, MCMV. 1048 pp.), is a copious commentary on the latter half of the First Part of St. Thomas' *Summa*, embracing Qq. xlv.—civ., under the sub-title, *De Deo Creatore et de Angelis*. Its chief features are the extent of erudition exhibited and the thoroughness with which the multitude of questions arising out of the text is dealt with. It is, indeed, surprising to note how many of these questions retain their actuality to this day, though in forms that partly disguise them; and how much light is thrown upon them when they are viewed from the standpoint of the scholastic theologian. Commentaries, of course, and especially commentaries on such a book as the *Summa* of St. Thomas, have their unavoidable drawbacks, as compared with independent critical essays on the subjects mooted. But in this case the advantages far outweigh them.

The students of St. Thomas, for whose special benefit Father Janssens has written, will certainly appreciate the work all the more for the form in which it is cast. Nor will their appreciation be lessened when they come to use the Index.

We may direct the attention of classical students to an excellent little volume of Latin elegiacs, which has just appeared under the title of *Fabulæ Selectæ Joannis La Fontaine Latine Conversæ* (Rome: P. Cuggiani, 35 Via della Pace, 1905). The accomplished author, Father F. X. Reuss, C.S.S.R., has published most of them in a Latin periodical *Vox Urbis* appearing in Rome, and as he frankly states in his Preface, his version is not without obligations to an earlier Latin rendering of the same fables by J. B. Giraud. The translation is, however, to all intents and purposes a new one, and it will impress devotees of the decaying art of Latin Verse composition as the work of a very practised hand. These translations would be very useful, we fancy, to the masters of upper forms who are often at a loss for original subjects and models to set their pupils. The elegiacs are simple, clever, and for the most part not too long.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

ZEITSCHRIFT F. K. THEOLOGIE (1905, III.)

Luther and the Laws of Truth. *H. Grisar*. The Eschatology of Otto of Freising. *J. Schmidlin*. Ulrich of Strassburg. *M. Grabmann*. The Epistle to the Hebrews II. *H. J. Cladder*. Reviews, &c.

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1905, I.)

The Vita S. Mauri. *B. F. Adlhock*. Abbot Ludolf von Sagan and his treatise "Soliloquium Scismatis." *F. P. Bliemetzrieder*. The Struggle for Reform in St. Michael's at Bamberg. *J. Linneborn*. The Name of St. Boniface in Martyrologia and Calendars. *D. Bruder*. Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA (May, June.)

The Paschal Drama at Aquileja. *E. Vale*. "Versus in Reditu Fontium" for the Octave of Easter. *H. Villetard*. A Monastic Antiphonary from Lucca. *P. de Puniet*. The Liturgical Chants of the Georgian Church. *A. Palmieri*.

DER KATHOLIK. (1905, IV.)

The Veneration of St. Boniface at Mainz. The Teaching of St. Irenæus on Redemption and Sanctification. *F. Stoll*. The Scheme for the revision of the Roman Breviary. *H. Spaldák*. The Ancestry of St. Hildegard. *J. May*.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (1905, V.)

St. Boniface and his work for civilization. *J. Blötzer*. Religion and the Church. *C. Pesch*. Louis Pasteur, II. *C. A. Kneller*. The most popular Novels of last year. *A. Stockmann*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (June, 1905.)

Apologetic and its Systems. *M. Fernandez*. Miguel de Cervantes and Lope de Vega. *J. M. Alcarde*. Feminism that we can welcome. *J. Alarcón*. Dominican Bishops at the Council of Trent. *L. Frias*. Radio-activity. *S. Vitoria*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (June 3 and 17.)

Catechism in the School. Reason and Rationalism. Friederich Nietzsche. Moderate Thinkers and the Social Movement. Our Four Gospels. The Recess of Ratisbon. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES (June 5 and 20.)

St. Francis Borgia's last years. *P. Suau*. Untruths regarding the Separation. *J. Lefauve*. Gregorian Melodies and Tradition. *A. Fleury*. Our Cathedrals. *J. Doisé*. Father James Salez and his companion. *F. Tournier*. The Historical and Religious surroundings of the Old Testament. *J. Calès*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIEENNE. (June 14.)

Tradition and the Fourth Gospel. *S. Protin*. Christian Life in Russia. *E. Evrard*. Reserved Sins. *F. Blachère*.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (June 15.)

The Bible of the Arena of Padua. *A. Broussolle*. Sulpician Missions. *F. André*. Miracles in the Life of the Curé d'Ars. *J. Boucharny*.

